Margt Thomas

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From The N. Y. World.

Mr. Wendell Phillips in the character of a commentator upon the Constitution can only be likened to Rabelais editing the "Confessions of St. Augustine," or to Theodore Hook lecturing upon Baxter's "Saint's Rest."

As an American citizen Mr. Phillips admits himself to be less than two years old. During his whole previous life he was just as much a foreigner in America as if he had worn a pigtail and talked pigeon English. To confound Mr. Phillips with the dismal horde of vulgar Abolitionists who take to anti-slavery just as Stiggins, in the "Pickwick Papers," took to total abstinence and tea, is to do him both more and less than justice. He is both less offensive and more inexcusable than the peripatetic twaddlers with whom he has allied himself for years. Born of a good family and gently bred, according to the measure of the citizens of Boston, Mr. Phillips, at the very outset of his career, revolted from the platitudes of Beacon street and the cheap conservatism of Cambridge. There are men who instinctively take [illegible] inspires; men whose impulse is to ask, with the Greek orator, when they find the multitude moving with them, "What nonsense have I uttered that these people agree with me?" Wendell Phillips is one of these men. Had he been penniless in the world, he would still have deserted the dull routine of decorous respectability for the exhilarating eccentricities of an aggressive independence. But he had fortune enough to take the field on horseback and his career has been one long tilt of philanthropic knight-errantry. Had the cause he espoused continued to be the persecuted creed of a knot of fanatics he might have lived and died an impracticable but not a contemptible man, a quixotic theorist, but not an enemy of his kind, a paradoxical and amusing critic of all things American, but not an Erostratus of the national temple.

Unfortunately for himself, however, he now finds the doctrines which he loved, mainly because other people hated them, suddenly adopted into the policy of a national administration. From the sweet habit of blaspheming all manner of Presidents and proclamations he is suddenly called upon to descend to the endorsement of a President and a proclamation. From a pestilent Luther thundering at the church-doors he is suddenly converted into a canny clerk intoning decent responses and drawling out acquiescent amens. The position hits neither his genius nor his habits, and his oration last night, delivered in this city, proves that the Bayard of the ex-communicated Abolitionists has dolefully declined into a mere Dugald Dalgetty of the gun-contracting Republicans.

There was a time when Mr. Phillips would hardly have descended to the tricks of a caucus demagogue: when, however low his estimate of his audience might have been, he would have respected his own intellect too much to confound Eleusinian phrases about "broken fetters fired from the bastion of absolute justice" with electioneering clap-trap about profane Puritans who insist on the Mississippi, or to falsify the history of a Constitution which he has studied with the intensity of hate by ranking Rufus King and James Madison believers in the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict," and asserting that South Carolina put her destiny into hotch-potch with Massachusetts when she consented to the Union. Mr. Phillips's chicanery sits upon him as ungracefully as his loyalty. Wilfully to deceive the silly people who hang upon his silver lips; to move the idle laughter and the facile applause of an unthinking crowd, is the lowest triumph of the speaker's art. The aptitudes which command it are neither rare nor refined. A George Gordon could kindle mobs to frenzy when a Burke sent legislatures to sleep: an Orator Hunt wielded masses of men more easily than a Canning controlled the elect of the State. To echo the ardor of the people clamoring for wrong and reckless acts: to fool to the top of their bent fanatic souls who crave to be deceived—these things can be easily done, but they can be done only at the sacrifice of self-respect and truth and justice. In taking out his papers of naturalization under *The Tribune* Mr. Phillips has lost the attributes which once secured to him the sympathy even of those who detested the extravagance of his views and abhorred the tendencies of his career.

And in sacrificing these he has made no counterbalancing gains. He has lost the single-mindedness of Don Quixote without acquiring the astuteness of Sancho Panza. His old instincts are just strong enough in him to perturb his new resolutions: and there is something at once ridiculous and pathetic in the unconscious glee with which, after extolling to the skies the new policy of Mr. Lincoln, he exclaims that however the President may try "to stop in the rapids on the verge of Niagara, both he and the ship of state will surely go over the fall together!"

VALLANDIGHAM'S WAY.

[Extract from the report of Clement Vallandigham's late speech to the U. S. House of Representatives.]

He maintained that the causes which led to disunion were not eternal and ineradicable, and were weaker than those which tended to reunion; that slavery was not the cause, but only the development of the cause of sectionalism; that there is no irrepressible conflict between slave labor and free labor in the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States; that the fundamental idea of the Constitution was the perfect and eternal compatibility of a union of States, part slave and part free, and that such a union was, in fact, the strongest of all popular governments. He contended that nothing kept us apart now excepting hate, antagonism and revenge; that the war heated these passions sometimes hotter, and while it lasted reunion could not commence. He insisted that the prejudices could be overcome; and explained the origin of the jealousies between New England and the South, attributing them to the difference of manners and habits of social life, and their different ideas of religion, morals and politics. He rejected the idea of excluding New England, and insisted that there was a large non-Puritan and conservative element in that section, which would of itself overcome the narrow, extreme and fanatical Puritan element, the supremacy of which he declared to be incompatible with the peace of society and of the Union. He alluded to Roger Williams as the founder of a New England civilization different from that of the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock. He next maintained that New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania could not separate from the South, nor the South from the North, and spoke of the geographical ties which bound them together. The North-west would not separate from the South. The day which divided the slaveholding from the non-slaveholding States would decree the eternal divorce of the West from the East. There was no cause of controversy excepting slavery. The agitation of that subject as a political element must cease. We must return to the old constitutional and actual basis of fifty years ago—the three-fifths rule, the speedy and ready return of fugitive slaves, no more agitation, and the transit and temporary sojourn of masters with their slaves in the free States. This was the price of the Union, and whoever was not willing to pay it must finally declare for separation and disunion. The South was interested just as much as we in reunion. Slavery on the old basis was the way to reunion. He referred to the almost exact similarity of the two Constitutions—Federal and Confederate—and to the impossibility of keeping up two such governments without a natural boundary. The only difficulty in the way of reunion was the want of the will to reunite, and while the war lasted that could never exist. If the country were really tired of the war and thought the military experiment had been tried long enough, and enough of blood and treasure had been expended and misery inflicted on both, he would then propose this: Stop fighting. Make an armistice, no formal treaty. Withdraw your army from the seceded States. Reduce both armies to a fair and sufficient peace establishment. Declare absolute free trade between the North and South. Buy and sell. Agree upon a Zollverein. Recall your fleets. Break up your blockade. Reduce your navy. Restore travel. Open up the railroads. Reëstablish the telegraphs. Reunite your express companies. Make no more Monitors and iron-clads, but set your friendly steamers and steamships again in motion. Visit the North and West. Visit the South. Exchange newspapers. Migrate. Intermarry. Let slavery alone. Hold elections at the appointed times. Let us choose a new President in 1864. And when the Gospel of Peace shall have sounded again from Heaven into their hearts, and the gospel of Abolition and hate been expelled, let your clergy and the Churches meet again in Christian intercourse North and South. Let secret orders and voluntary associations everywhere reunite as brethren once more. In short, give to all the natural and all the artificial causes which impel us together their fullest sway. Let time do its office in drying tears, dispelling sorrows, mellowing passions, and making the herbs, and the grass, and the trees to grow again upon the hundred battle-fields of this terrible war. . . . He approved of mediation as a means of suspending hostilities, but rejected arbitration. He spoke also of the important lessons the war had taught on both sides—in explaining anti-slavery errors, in proving the strength of the South, and in showing that slavery, instead of weakness, was power—that the non-slaveholding white men of the South were the chief support of slavery, and that there was no danger of servile insurrections. He said that the South had learned, too, that personal courage is a quality common to all sections, and that in battle the men of the North, and especially of the West, were their equals. Twenty months of war had corrected many errors, and taught us the wisdom of a century; and if we would only reunite, the Union would be stronger and more durable than ever.

COX ON [illegible]

[S. S. Cox, M.C., from Ohio, lately edified the Democracy of this city in an address on "Puritanism in Politics." From the report in one of our city journals we copy as follows:]

Puritanism is bred in the bone. It is the same now as it was hundreds of years ago. Like begets like. Generation succeeds generation, with the same stamp of Puritan character, taking success for justice, egotism for greatness, cunning for wisdom, cupidity for enterprise, sedition for liberty, and cant for piety. Puritanism would reform men's morals by statute and make Paradises by politics. I do not impeach a whole people for the errors of a part. In Colonial times, an Endicott was relieved by a Winthrop; as in later times, Webster stands like a granite rock repelling the wave of Puritanism. I would not confound the Parkers and Phillipses and the lesser spawn of transcendentalism with the Choates and Curtises who have cultivated the graces of civil order. I speak of that ruling element in New England called Puritanism, which, in Lincolnshire, in Holland, at Plymouth, or at Boston, ever presents the same selfish, pharisaical, egotistic and intolerant type of character. We find it in our politics to-day, as the Tudors found it, a hundred years ago, ever meddling, and only willing to concede when it can't help itself. Even in the time of Elizabeth, it compromised with its persecutors to save the Presbyterians, but provided a punishment for the Separatists. You cannot rely on the varnished account the Puritans give of themselves. It is false. If they write the history of this war the truth will never appear. Their key-note is that slavery is its cause, and must be extirpated. The truth is that slavery was meddled with, and returned in violence what was given in wrath and malice. But it does not thence follow that slavery was the cause of the violence. The doctrine of the French Socialist that property is robbery, and therefore should be abolished, is a sample of the same fallacy. Abolition is, in the moral sense, the cause of the war. It is the offspring of Puritanism.

Selections.

GERRIT SMITH TO GOV. SEYMOUR.

[Extracts.]

Peterboro, Jan. 12th, 1863.

Hon. Horatio Seymour—*Dear Sir:* I have read your Message. Although I belong to no party, I belong to a country. Although there are no party interests for me to promote and adjust myself to, I feel the preciousness of the interests of my country, and am deeply and abidingly concerned for their safety. Seldom more than when reading the Message have I felt the great peril of those interests. For I remember that the utterer of its dangerous doctrines is emphatically, if not indeed preëminently, the mouthpiece of a party comprising nearly half the voters of the free States. I remember, too, what great weight with his party have the words of a gentleman of commanding talents, high culture, multiplied influential public relations, bland and winning manners, admired social and domestic life. How could I fail to fear that the Democratic party, if not already fully identified with these dangerous doctrines, will, by force of such commendations of them, soon become so?

I find denunciation in the message, but no denunciation of the rebels. The cotton States and the New England States do in your esteem share about equally in the guilt of the rebellion. New England, because she suffered her Garrison to write against slavery, and her Phillips so talk against it, is in your eyes as criminal as the bloody men who flew at the throat of their unoffending country. New England, who, to help put them down, promptly armed hundreds of thousands of her cherished sons, and promptly poured out scores of millions of her wealth, has no less of your censure and no more of your favor than have those bloody men. And yet you propose to put down the rebellion! But how can this be done if nearly half of us are like yourself? How could we have the heart to do it even at little cost—much less at the required cost—if the rebels are no worse than the people of New England? And how, if we *had* the heart, would it be practicable, should you succeed, as is your too manifest intent, in arraying the Western and Central States against New England instead of rebeldom?

I see you still regret that the Satanic compromise proposed two years ago was not adopted. I call it Satanic because it was to be a compromise between two guilty parties at the sole expense—and this, too, an overwhelming expense—of an innocent third party. Fresh outrages were to be heaped upon the negroes—ay, and eternized. The malignity of this Democratic compromise, which not a few Republicans also favored (for there are Republicans, too, who are capable of being satanized), is equalled only by its meanness. That they, who could propose further and greater crimes against the guiltless and helpless, could still make much account of their Bibles and Churches, argues either their matchless delusion or their matchless brazenness. I do not say that they would have made themselves better by burning up their Bibles and Churches; but I do say that they would have thereby made themselves infinitely more consistent.

You deny the right of the Head of the army to proclaim liberty to the slaves of loyalists. You seem to believe that our government must not only not *intend* injuries to loyalists, but must so conduct the war that not even *incidental* injuries, though afterwards paid for, shall ever befall them. The military commander is, however, at as full liberty to burn the dwelling of the loyalist as of the rebel, if in his judgment the necessities of war call for it. It is his right to weaken the foe by calling away from him white, or red, or black men. He may strengthen his ranks by inviting to them the minor sons of loyal fathers and the apprentices of loyal masters; but if he may invite these to break away from their just and natural relations, how much more may he invite slaves, be it those of rebels or loyalists, to break away from their infinitely unjust and unnatural relations! He may not think the slaves to be in any wise fit for his ranks. He may (and this would be an entirely justifying reason) invite them to leave their rebellious or loyal masters simply because he would thereby reduce the force which produces the food and other elements of Southern subsistence and Southern success. In all this the commander would not be saying that the relation of master and slave is any less moral than the other relations referred to. He would but be saying that he feels bound to do whatever he can in accordance with the laws and usages of civilized warfare to weaken his foe and strengthen himself.

Oh! had we but been uncorrupted by slavery, how quickly would we have put down the rebellion, if indeed there could, in that case, have been a rebellion to put down! We should then have wasted no time, and produced no division amongst ourselves, by talking about the Union, the Constitution, or even the country. Our one purpose then would have been to put down the rebels—and to put them down irrespectively of the bearing it might have on whatever interests. Naked plunderers and murderers were these entirely unwronged rebels; and they should have been put down with as total a disregard of consequences as would characterize the single purpose of a stern father in putting down his revolted child. Who doubts that with such a disregard they had been put down instantly! Suppose that scoundrels in Utica—your adopted and my native home—had, with arms in their hands, and using them, too, seized her funds, her fire-engines, and her other corporate property, and that you had, at the time, been her Mayor, would you have sent to the Common Council a message of the tone and character of that you have just sent to the Legislature? Would you have sought in it to divide her citizens upon a multiplicity of issues respecting the future condition of her Fire Department, her funds and other interests? Oh no! oh no!! You could have made no Democratic and no other gain by such an insane policy. You would, beyond a doubt, have sought to unite them in the one purpose and one endeavor to subdue and punish the miscreants—ay, to subdue and punish them, come what might of Fire Department, funds, or even Utica herself. I am wrong—they would already have been thus united. Such union would have been the necessary result of the outrage. Only bad counsels and partisan influences could have disunited them. The people of the North were united when they heard of the bombarding of Sumter. But alas! our good and patriotic President temporized! The spirit, which should have been taken at the flood, was allowed time to subside. Hundreds of thousands of lives, and directly and indirectly thousands of millions of dollars, have already been the penalty of this mistake; and only too reasonable is the fear that the loss of the nation will be needed to would be at that time, [illegible]—and how quickly tancy which grew out of his pro-slavery education, have saved our wealth and toil from this oppressive taxation, our tens of thousands of bereaved families from their sorrows, and our country from the appalling prospect of her ruin! The rebellion should have been shot dead at once. Whoever denies it proves therein that he is insensible of its infernal character, and knows not how to deal with such a crime. Or, rather, whoever denies it makes room thereby for the suspicion that he sympathizes with the rebellion and is a participant in the crime. At once should the President have brought out the big Emancipation Gun; and he should have so charged it, and so aimed it, as not to spare one shred of slavery in all the land. The rebellion would have been ended by the first fire. And what right had the rebels to our shrinking and delay?—rebels who, without the least provocation, so malignantly and murderously struck at our all?—at the life of our country, and therefore at our all?

What a sad exhibition of the power of ambition and party over a great intellect, combined with a gentle and refined spirit, is your insisting that slavery shall be reëstablished; that the Southern "elements of production *must* be unimpaired"; and that nothing short of this "*can* command the support of the majority of the American people"! Yes, even now when, if there ever was, there is no longer any constitutional obstacle in the way of the slave's freedom; even now when the slaveholder has himself opened the prison-door, you are still determined that he shall remain in bondage, and his children and children's children after him—still determined that this shall continue to be a land in which multiplying millions have no right to husband, nor wife, nor children, nor wages, nor Bibles, nor schools, nor to aught else but stripes and insults, tortures of the body and tortures of the soul. You are indeed to be pitied. You were not made to be what you are. You were made to be a strong and helpful and sustaining brother among your poor and needy and weak brethren; not an object of terror, but a tower of safety to them. You were made not to bolt, but to unbolt the door of the oppressed; not to extinguish, but to multiply and realize their hopes. But alas! your party turned for strength and success to slavery, and so entirely identified itself with it that the party can live only in the life of the monster, and must die when the monster dies. Hence it is that you are what you are. You are stone-blind, both morally and politically. You see not God's hand in this war. You see not that His time has at last come for setting free his sable children. So deluded are you as to imagine that pro-slavery will be popular forever and abolition unpopular forever. But the sun of the Seymours, and Rynders and Woods will soon set in darkness; and the sun of the Garrisons, and Phillips and Cheevers will soon rise in splendor. Your spurious Democratic party, deserted as it is by the Dickinsons and Butlers, and by all who love country more than party, and freedom more than slavery, will soon pass away, leaving history to tell on one of her blackest pages of as base and wicked a party as ever defied God or trampled on man.

To say that slavery is not the cause of the rebellion is to say what is infinitely absurd. And yet for you to say it is anything but strange. For you are a politician; and as all your political hopes are identified with slavery, you love it, cling to it, and are ever alert to screen it from blame. In consenting to let your idol be held responsible for this horrid rebellion, you would consent to the only death you dread—your political death. Hence your queer theory that the rebellion resulted from the characteristic differences between the people of New England and the people of the Cotton States. I admit the existence of these differences. But who cannot see that they have, in the main, proceeded from slavery? You imply that had there been as much homogeneousness between these peoples as is found "in the portions traversed by the great East and West lines of commerce," there would have been no rebellion. I agree with you. But I bid you remember that this is the homogeneousness of *anti-slavery* "portions." For save that one of these "lines" is partly in the skirts of the slaveholding section of the country, they all traverse States consecrated to freedom, and only such. I thank you for the illustration of the homogeneousness and peacefulness of the anti-slavery "portions" of the country—for this illustration of the falseness of your position that an anti-slavery portion share in the responsibility of the rebellion.

I do not murmur at the providence which has brought you again into high political power. On the contrary, I submissively accept it as a part of the penalty of the American people for their oppressions of the poor. Your election, instead of the election of the brave and noble man who rejoices in the deliverance of the slave, and who, with his three sons, is in the army of his country instead of being in the councils of its foes, is, notwithstanding it is so frightfully calamitous, to be endured as one of our merited inflictions. Every nation prepares its own cup. We have made ours very bitter. Nevertheless we must drink it. As a part of the punishment for our unsurpassed crimes against humanity, we may have to witness the failure of all endeavors to save our beloved country, and may have to pass through the humiliation of recognizing the Southern Confederacy. But God be praised that over against all this deep and unutterable sorrow will be the deep and unutterable joy that the slave is free! In spite of the influence of your party to the contrary, and of your individual and amazing *determination* to the contrary, the slave will go free. Yes, though the guilty nation, with whose continued existence stands connected the highest object of your ambition, may be left to perish, the innocent slave nevertheless shall surely go free. Do you wonder at the positiveness with which I express myself at this point? I answer that this being, high above all human purposes and issues in it, a war of God against slavery, pro-slavery men are but fools in it, and only Abolitionists competent to advise in it, and foresee its grand results.

Faithful were the Abolitionists, all through a quarter of a century, to warn their countrymen of this day of blood; but pro-slavery politicians requited them with scorn. And so frenzied are such politicians now as to purpose to save the country by crushing the Abolitionists. This, however, is but as every impenitently wicked people have dealt with their faithful prophets.

The counsels of the Abolitionists—of the men who have made slavery their life-long study—can alone, under God, save our appallingly imperilled nation. Every step taken by her in accordance with these counsels is a step in the way of her salvation; and her every step to the contrary is in the way to her destruction.

Your former and your present friend,
Gerrit Smith.

A VOICE FROM PARIS ISLAND.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

We have come from the North, and the South, East, and West,
At thy call, Father Abram, and brought thee our best;
We have gathered them up from the isles of the sea,
To swell the grand chorus, "We are free! we are free!"

Yonder proud streaming banner, that floats in the wind,
Proclaims that we leave all our fetters behind;—
To the slave it was stripes; but henceforth it shall be
Only Stars—Stars forever! Hurrah, we are free!

The strength of the Rebel is passing away,
The locks of his power are all shorn off to-day;
He is moaning—hark! I hear him: "O, woe, woe is me,
They have [illegible] the chain, and my bondmen are free!

"The Yankee goes forth from this day to the fight
With God as his Leader, his good sword is the Right;
Ere the cotton flowers bloom on our 'isles of the sea,'
He will humble our pride, for our slaves are all free!"

The old Massa is sad, and old Missus in tears;
Their sons and their daughters bow down in their fears,
But our wives and our daughters shout loud in their glee,
"No Massa, no Missus—we are free! we are free!"

"We are free!" Words will tell it from shore unto shore;
Old ocean shall echo our shout with its roar,
The wild birds shall sing it; the flowers' breath shall be
But its fragrance and beauty—"We are free! we are free!"

O, our Father! we thank thee, for well do we know
That all sunbeams are thine, from above or below.
In the days of our bondage our trust was in thee,
Still we'll bless thee, and praise thee, and trust thee when free.

Shout! shout the glad chorus, let all earth hear one voice,
Till the stars answer back, and the angels rejoice;
God once more for the bondman has parted the sea—
"We are free! we are *free!* WE ARE FREE! WE ARE FREE!"

—*Free South.*

THE SLAVERY AND NEGRO QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

From The Buenos Ayres Standard, Nov. 16, 1862.

The American Consul in this city, whose flag was [illegible] port of Buenos Ayres the following letter:

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AT BUENOS AYRES, November 15, 1862.

To the Masters of American Vessels in the Port of Buenos Ayres.

Gentlemen: For the first time since my assumption of the duties of this office, during which period more than six months have elapsed, an extraordinary occasion, as I conceive, renders it particularly appropriate that I should hoist high, and display in its fullest and freest folds, the flag of this Consulate. To-day, as some of you will have perceived, the good old banner, of which every loyal son and lover of the New World has so much cause to be proud, is so hoisted and so displayed. This I have done in celebration of advices received here yesterday, detailing the just, wise and manly action recently taken by our government on the subject of slavery, which, with the negro as a basis, is at the bottom of all our present political trouble.

In a proclamation issued by President Lincoln, under date of September 22, 1862, it is auspiciously declared, in effect, that the slaves of all the States and Territories of the United States found in armed rebellion against the Federal government on the first day of January, 1863, shall be acknowledged, deemed and treated as absolutely and irrevocably free, and that the existence of slavery in all such States and Territories shall thenceforth cease forever.

By those of us who, peering into the future, have in view the highest and best interests of America, this timely declaration of the President of the United States may be regarded as second only in importance to the Declaration of Independence, in Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1776, which, but a few years afterward, was so gloriously followed by the establishment of American nationality.

I beg to request, therefore, that you will, this day, join me in the hoisting of your respective flags, join me in doing honor to the patriotic, prudent and progressive policy foreshadowed in the President's proclamation.

I also seize this opportunity to inform you that I have clipped from an English newspaper, and am now having framed in gold, a copy of an address lately delivered by Abraham Lincoln, favoring, as I understand it, the deportation of all the negroes from the United States, and which address, in my estimation at least, is so full of good sound sense, and so worthy of being earnestly, fully and speedily acted upon in its recommendations, that I take great pleasure in thus commending it to your attention, and shall be but too happy to submit it for your perusal, whenever from a desire to become familiar with its contents, you may be pleased to call at this office.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect,
Your friend and servant,
H. R. Helper.

ABOLISHMENTERS.

From The Evening Post.

We are not so certain as Shakspeare was that

"A rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

If the tea-rose were to be called the onion-flower, we are confident that some people would turn up their noses at it, and if that fine old variety, the cabbage rose, were to be named the skunk cabbage, it is a hundred to one that many fastidious persons would detect in it something of the odor of the creature which learned naturalists call the *mephitis putorius.*

Those who have agitated the question of putting an end to slavery have been called Abolitionists, which has grown into a term of opprobrium, as if it could be a shame for a man to desire the liberty of all his fellow-creatures. Now that the large majority of citizens of the free States, and in some of the slave States also—in Missouri certainly—are in favor of getting rid of slavery, it has occurred to some of them that they may avoid the opprobrium of the thing by a change or modification of the name.

A like expedient has been tried with some success in the case of proper names. We remember a lady, whose daughter—a person of brilliant talents—took to the stage as a profession. Her Christian name was Sally. "She shall never be called Sal Jackson," said her mother; "so her name shall appear on the play-bills as Sarah." After some consideration, however, it was agreed that the name Sally should be changed to Sallie, and under favor of this modification in the spelling the young lady had the good fortune to escape the dreaded nick-name of Sal. It was supposed that the blackguards who saw the playbills no longer recognized the old familiar name under its new disguise.

Our excellent President, who, we infer, in the rare and brief intervals of recreation which the cares of state allow him, refreshes himself with subtle philological speculations, has hit upon an expedient to avoid the odium of Abolitionism while striking at the existence of slavery. Instead of abolition he proposes abolishment—the distinction between the two being just as broad and obvious as that lately discovered by Gov. Seymour, of our State, in another case, when he declared that slavery was not the cause but the subject of the controversy between the North and the South, and gravely insisted that we are quarrelling about slavery and not because of slavery. It is delightful to find the eminent men of our country, whose minds are occupied with concerns of the greatest moment, capable at the same time of making such minute discriminations. In pursuance of the recommendations of the President, we have seen plans brought before Congress for the abolishment of slavery in Missouri and Maryland, but no scheme for its abolition. Emancipation, the extinction of slavery, the abrogation of the law of bondage—as much of these as you please, but no abolition. Heaven forfend! We are not come to that.

When we consider how carefully Abolitionism has been avoided in the measures taken to extinguish slavery, we cannot but read with indignation what Jefferson Davis, the head of the rebel Confederacy, says of the people of the North, calling them the abolition States, and speaking of their army as the abolition army. He should be required to say whether he used the language imputed to him, and, if so, should be asked whether he regards this as consistent with the rules of honorable warfare. He should be informed that if he persists in this course he must expect retaliation in the hardest words collected or coined by Dr. Johnson, with perhaps some additions from Jon Bee's Flash dictionary, if that rare work can be found in any of our public libraries.

Having agreed upon the policy of abolishment, the next thing is to provide the public with a term by which those who favor that policy are to be designated. An ingenious friend suggests the term *abolishmenters*, which Jeff. Davis, if he means to quarrel like a gentleman, should be recommended hereafter to use, instead of "abolitionists."

THE POOR DIRT-EATERS!

From The Evening Post.

The "peace-at-any-price Democrats" in the free States get little comfort from their friends the rebels. The following is the reply which comes up from Richmond, in *The Dispatch* of January 10, to the peace propositions made by Mr. James Brooks recently in this city:

"Mr. Brooks appears to be in earnest in these extravagant propositions, strange as it may appear to any man who has possession of his senses; for, upon the occasion of presenting them, he made a long speech, and expressed himself confident of their success. Are the Northern people all natural-born fools, or are they only stricken with that judicial madness which we are told the gods always inflict upon the victims of their wrath preparatory to their ruin? Can they suppose that the South are as gallless and as lily-livered as themselves, and that they are willing, for mere considerations of interest, to forget the unheard-of outrages under which they have suffered during the war? Can they believe them capable of so soon burying in oblivion all that they have done, and all that they have suffered? * * "*If the whole Yankee race should fall down in the dust to-morrow and pray us to be their masters, we would spurn them even as slaves.* Our only wish is to be separated from them finally and forever—never to see the face of one of them again—never to hear the voice of another Yankee on the south side of the Potomac or the north—to have no traffic and no intercourse of any description whatever with them. *We are fighting for separation, and we will have it, if it cost the life of every man in the Confederate States.*

"We are aware that many persons believe that the party of which Brooks and Van Buren are representatives desire and design to restore peace, and that at present they dare not speak out their real [illegible] We do not believe they are in favor of any such thing. They would like peace on condition of our return to the Union, and they are fools enough to believe that a majority of the people in the Confederacy are in favor of reunion. They would like peace on these terms, because it would restore the commercial supremacy of the North, and especially of the city of New York, which is gone forever if the Union be not restored. But they are as bitterly opposed to separation as Lincoln himself, or any of the thieves and murderers who lead his armies. In the event of a refusal to return to the Union, they would, to a man, unite in hounding on the assassins who are desolating our country and murdering our people as fiercely as they have ever been hounded on by Beecher and Hale. *They look only to their pockets when they preach of reconciliation and restoration.* If the same object could be effected by entirely destroying the people of the Southern States, and they thought it as easy to do, they would recommend it as the best of all possible policy. Let them be satisfied, however. *President Davis expressed the sentiment of the entire Confederacy in his speech the other night, when he said the people would sooner unite with a nation of hyenas than with the detestable and detested Yankee nation. Anything but that. English colonization, French vassalage, Russian serfdom, all, all are preferable to any association with the Yankees.*"

To any one who still retains a decent self-respect such a rebuff as this would be sufficient; but such spaniels as John Van Buren and Brooks can take a dozen such cuffs, and be dragged through the spittle afterwards, and then turn round to lick the hand that smote them. Does any one believe that this contemptuous retort of a Richmond rebel will be resented by the poor creatures at whom it is levelled? Not at all; they will go on fawning, begging, getting down on their knees, and whining, just as before; it is the nature of some persons to like kicking; they even plume themselves on the contempt of a gentleman. Like those unfortunates in the Southern States who are known as "clay-eaters," they have contracted a filthy but unconquerable habit of eating dirt; their constitutions are habituated to the vicious practice, and there is no hope of their restoration to the health and rectitude of manhood.

THE LAND QUESTION AND THE REBELS.

From The Free South.

This is a serious question for the government and the negroes. The Tax Commissioners are here and are about to sell the lands under the tax law. The estates of the different rebel owners will be put up at auction, each as a whole, and of course will be out of the reach of small buyers. Meanwhile we hear not a word, *by authority*, as to what is to be done in behalf of the laboring and black residents on these estates. Their case is very different from that of other laborers generally. They are truly *attached to the soil* and will be *sold with it*, unless some provision is made for their independence from the arbitrary will of those on whose hands they will be denizens at will. These people are as yet *callow* in their new-born freedom. They are tender, timid, suspicious, and especially afraid of the designs of white men. They are as yet ignorant of their rights, and can be easily hectored out of them, for every white man appears to them as a master. No severer threat can be made to a colored man or woman than this—"I will send you away from your plantation," for they were born and bred and have all their relations, for the most part, on these plantations. Whoever owns this land will *have the heart-strings of this people in his hands.*

Now, let any one, who has any humanity, put these conditions together, and he will see what room there is here for abuse and cruelty. Even slavery had some guarantees that will be taken away from these poor people if they are thus thrown upon the selfishness of private owners of the land, with nothing but a material interest in the laborers of the soil.

This is no "chimera of an overwrought brain." It is the cool conviction of one conversant with the actual condition of the negroes and of their character. They would be "*sold*," if the lands are sold without any regard to their interests. Is this worthy of a great nation, fighting as they now are for the vindication of free institutions and the protection of the people against a landed aristocracy? They will thus create a landed aristocracy worse for the negroes than their former masters. The finger of scorn may well be pointed at the mushroom nobility that will spring up instead of the old families that had at least the sanction of "time-honored usage" for their abuses.

Two or three remedies have been suggested for the prevention of this coming evil. The first is that the government should buy the land at the tax sales, and then partition a sufficient portion to serve as homesteads to the negroes. Another is that the government authorize the sale of these lands in parcels sufficiently small to bring them within the reach of the negroes themselves.

This is by no means impracticable as far as the negroes are concerned. With their moderate wants, no family needs more than ten acres to make them independent. This, at a dollar and a quarter or even two dollars an acre, will cost at most twenty dollars, and we know from *personal observation*, that most of the negro families can raise thus much, and more, for an emergency like that. A moderate credit given them for one or two years will easily cover their deficiencies.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the negroes on these plantations are abject paupers and altogether destitute of money. We know an old woman, and we learned by inquiry that she was only a specimen "brick," that offered to lend a superintendent *fifty dollars*, to buy land for himself, supposing it would be sold so as to be entirely beyond her reach, and not daring to suppose that an old black woman would be allowed to his land. We are assured that the majority of these negroes have money laid up which their thriftiness under great difficulties has saved, and timidity keeps concealed. Only give them a "chance," and this people will never give the government or public charity the trouble of taking care of them. That "chance" consists in making them independent of the system of wages as to the land, for this, to them, will be *oppression*, under any system likely to be inaugurated.

One more suggestion is very worthy of notice, and may be the only remedy on hand.

If the legislation necessary to effect any good cannot be obtained in time, and it is doubtful if it can, then let all who have been interested in the cause of the freedmen of this Department of the South, unite what means they can spare to those of the negroes themselves, who can be easily induced by the Superintendents of the plantations to contribute their all, and let these means be employed to purchase these lands in large tracts as sold by the Tax Commissioners, to be afterwards redivided among the negroes at the cost price.

This plan especially commends itself to the benevolence and immediate attention of the Associations in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and elsewhere, for the relief of the freedmen of the Southern States. Even if the Associations become land-owners to a large extent, it will be better for the poor negroes to work and pay the Associations than to be given up to the tender mercies of private and irresponsible parties. Already some harpies of this kind "scent the prey from afar," and we observe them looking around for "a good plantation and a fine lot of negroes." Let the friends of the freedmen strike quick here, for we are in danger of having all the fruits of our labor in this Department blasted in the bud.

Unless something is done soon to ward off the coming evil, the North will have to bear the disgraceful stigma of having liberated this poor people from one bondage, organized and public, to another, private, chaotic, and, if possible, more irresponsible.

INTERVIEW WITH STONEWALL JACKSON.

[Extract from a Private Letter.]

Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md., Jan. 6, 1863.

Dear Sir: I will attempt, in accordance with your request, to give you an account of my interview with Stonewall Jackson while a prisoner at his camp, and of my sojourn at Libby Prison in Richmond. A few days after my capture I was sent to Jackson's camp at Nineveh, Warren County, Va. I reached there Tuesday, Nov. 11, in company with four others. Gen. Jackson came out of his tent just as we were leaving for the guard-house (an old church near by), and desired us to wait a few minutes, as he would like to ask us a few questions.

"When were you taken?" he inquired.

"November 7," I replied.

"[illegible] any New York papers with you?" he asked.

I replied that we had not, but told him I had read *The Herald* of the 5th, which had reached camp on the day of my capture.

"Ah! did you?" said he, "I wanted to inquire about the recent elections. Do you know what majority Seymour received?"

"Between ten and fifteen thousand," I replied.

"Do you know how many Congressmen the Democrats elected in the State?"

I answered that it was believed they had elected nineteen out of the thirty-one.

"Were the Woods both elected?"

I answered that they were, and that all of the city and river districts were claimed as Democratic.

"Good!" he replied. "New York City will have more to say in the next session of Congress than all the rest of the State."

"Their constituents would hardly feel flattered to hear you," I said.

"Any man who sincerely desires peace," he said, "should certainly rejoice at their election. If you had such men in power at Washington, to-day, there would be no more bloodshed, and we could easily come to an honorable settlement."

I did not dispute that, nor ask him what he would call an honorable settlement. Desiring to continue the conversation, I agreed with him.

"But they all claimed to be War Democrats," I continued, "and in favor of a more 'vigorous prosecution of the war.' Was that a mere political dodge? Your soldiers would hardly cheer the announcement of the election of War Democrats, I should think."

"Oh, no!" he replied. "They *are* in favor of prosecuting the war with more vigor. They think that if we are to be conquered, it should be done at once, before Spring. If we are not subjugated by *that* time, they will demand a peace, and force your government to stop the war. We know we can hold out, and when the next Congress meets they will all be found to be Peace men, and willing to recognize our independence, in preference to a bloody and endless war. When once convinced that they cannot conquer us by merely gaining one or two battles, they will cease to be War Democrats. It is because we know them to be more reasonable than the Republicans, that my men cheered the news of Seymour's election. But what other news was there?"

"New Jersey," I answered, "has gone strongly Democratic, and the party has gained in Ohio."

"Yes," said the General. "I heard that they had carried Ohio. Did you notice whether Vallandigham was reëlected or not?"

"He was defeated," I answered, "but another *friend* of [illegible] in the West was returned."

"Who was it?" he inquired.

"Voorhees!"

"A good Democrat," he said. "Vallandigham was too outspoken at first; he would have been reëlected if he had been more moderate."

THE PROCLAMATION IN CHICAGO.

From The Chicago Tribune, Jan. 16.

Last night the great public heart was stirred to its very depths. The people in one mighty uprising, with one accord, and in thunder tones, gave a unanimous aye to the great event of the age, the Emancipation proclamation. Soon after 6 o'clock the rush at Bryan Hall commenced, and long before the hour for the meeting to open had arrived the large hall was packed to its utmost capacity, and at least ten thousand persons had assembled in the street along the east side of the Court House square. Some one having announced that the First Baptist Church could be obtained the crowd immediately moved toward it, and in less time than we are writing this, that large edifice was one mass of living, enthusiastic men. And yet there were thousands out of doors, making vain endeavors to get within hearing distance, all eager that the jubilate chorus might be swelled to the highest note.

The lower Bryan Hall was next appropriated and densely crowded, and still the swaying mass demanded more room. Our noble and patriotic German fellow-citizens poured in one continuous stream into Metropolitan Hall, which had been set apart for their especial use, until it, too, was overflowing with freemen. And this was no more than we expected, for freedom is born in the sons of Germany, and with their mother's milk it is nurtured and strengthened. The love of freedom brought them across the waters to this republican land, and now they are loyal to the stars and stripes, and true as steel to the principles of our free government.

Seldom, if ever, have the citizens of Chicago turned out so nobly as on last evening. Seldom, if ever, has the public voice proved so united in sustaining a great public measure. Seldom, if ever, has there been such an enthusiastic outpouring of popular sentiment as was then and there witnessed. We are proud of Chicago, proud of her citizens, but we feel the most intense pride at the glorious endorsement which the masses of the Metropolis of the West have now given to the most righteous act of Mr. Lincoln's Administration.

THE HORRORS OF SOUTHERN INSTITUTIONS.

[Under this head the Troy *Times* prints a letter from Mary P. Clark, in support of the statements of Gen. Butler, as to the horrors of Southern society. *The Times* vouches for Mrs. Clark, whose position and character afford sufficient guaranty of her truthfulness. We condense the following statement from her letter:]

I once resided in South Carolina; returned to my Northern home but two years before the present rebellion. I was governess for six years in the family of the son of ex-Gov. Richardson. While there, I was told by Col. Richardson's own white daughters all I know of the degradation occasioned by slavery. I desired to tell its most degrading features to those whom I have so often heard advo

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Mary [illegible]

ealing a continuance of negro slavery; but I dared not, for the facts seemed too indelicate for a female to publish. But, sir, these are remarkable times; and should I hold my peace, even the very stones would cry out; for *slavery is a wrong* to the planter's slave and to the planter's daughters.

[Referring to Gen. Butler's statement, that a Judge of New Orleans debauched his daughter, and then married her to a slave, she says:]

I wish to state that it is the custom of the South Carolina aristocracy for fathers to have criminal intercourse with their own daughters. Col. Richardson had four beautiful daughters, two of whom yielded to his hellish persuasions. The third daughter had for four years refused to listen to the base propositions of her father. He hunted her from room to room, until in very anguish of spirit she came to my room, and hid her face in my lap, and told me all her awful trial. I could not believe the child; but she told me it was true—that her father would give her no peace. He seemed determined to gratify his hellish lust. He would come to her bedside when she was suffering from sick headache, and attempt to take improper liberties with her person. She begged me to come and sit with her in her room whenever she was confined to her bed, because she was afraid of her own father, who had ruined two of her sisters. She said that one day her cousin Camilla came to visit them. She told her cousin how her father had behaved for the four years past toward her, hoping her cousin Camilla would strengthen her. But Camilla had been ruined by her own father years before, when she was young, and dared not be woman enough to refuse her father anything he might wish. Her advice to her cousin Mary was this—"Die before you yield."

This is the effect of the institution of slavery. Some may say they cannot see how slavery is responsible for these family evils of which Gen. Butler speaks, and of which I affirm. The secret is just here; from very infancy the planters' sons are gratified in everything they desire. I could tell you some startling facts of the boyhood of these planters' sons—facts communicated by Col. Richardson's own white daughters—but I forbear. From youth to manhood they go on, gratifying every lust, simply because the institution of human bondage puts it in their power to do so; when they become fathers of black and white children all must be sacrificed to their overgrown lust. Shall not the prayers of the fair daughters of South Carolina be heeded? Shall not this evil, slavery, be rooted from our land?

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE IMMINENT NECESSITY.

THE country and the President both find themselves in a strange predicament. Slavery is acknowledged by both to be the guilty cause of the Civil War. Without slavery such a war had been impossible. With slavery it has been inevitable from the beginning. All the compromises which our pinchbeck statesmanship has devised have only been attempts to put it off a little longer. The demands of slavery bring, of its own nature and necessities, continually growing, it followed that a time must come when they must be resisted, if there remained a shadow of public spirit or sense of private interest in the non-slaveholding States, and if resisted, that war must follow. The Civil War has been strictly logical. In fact it began long years ago, and it differed from that now existing, for the last thirty years, nay, more than forty, in the fact that the defeats of the North were submitted to without fighting. They were ignominious surrenders of rights to avoid defending them. How much longer this inglorious warfare would have gone on had not the slaveholders been encouraged to shorten the road to their absolute empire over us by opening fire upon Sumter, we cannot tell and do not care to consider. They did at last compel us to fight, by refusing the offer made of everything they had demanded and giving us the first blow in the face.

The war exists, slavery the acknowledged cause. Acknowledged, we say, for those who deny that slavery is the cause affirm that Abolition is, and that, we conceive, is only another way of stating the same thing. The President and the nation—for the nation deserves, perhaps, as much as the President, whatever blame of slowness his course has brought upon him—acknowledging that slavery, and slavery only, was the cause of the war, insisted on carrying it on for nearly two years on the principle of exterminating the effect and leaving the cause in full operation. And, even now that the President, all that is good and loyal in the nation being behind him, has aimed a blow at the cause of the rebellion, he still leaves it alive and entitled to the protection of the national laws and arms, in four States and in parts of two others. This we must think one of the strangest predicaments in which a great nation and its Head were ever placed. Could the truth that slavery is the cause of all our woes be washed out of sight, and some other, or no other, occasion be invented for it, there would be at least the outward appearance of ground on which to stand. It would be a shifting quicksand, to be sure, none the less, under their feet, as it has proved itself, but there would have been at least the pleasure of being cheated with a show of a substantial footing under them. But the necessities of disaster having compelled the President and the people to see that there is none other provocation of the war and all the miseries it has brought with it, than slavery, it followed as the light the day that slavery must be struck down or the war must end in its favor. Struck down in the States actually in flagrant delict, of course, but not left standing and bolstered up by bayonets and marshal's *posses* in those States that pretend to hold on to their loyalty and their slaves at the same time.

Slavery is one of those monsters that are not killed by being scotched. It rather resembles the Hydra of old fable, whose heads sprung up again, two for one, as often as the hero hewed them off, until the actual cautery was resorted to and proved effectual. It is in vain that our Hercules smites off the heads of our Lernaean pest that rear themselves in Carolina and Mississippi, if he leave those untouched by sword and searing-iron that exalt their insolent crests in Kentucky and Maryland. It is one and indivisible, with one heart out of which proceeds all these issues of death, and is all the time giving strength and life to the struggling trunk. We do not mean to say that, in process of time, should slavery be extinguished by the national arms, or those of the slaves themselves, in the Cotton States, that it would continue indefinitely in the Breeding States. Of course it would die in course of time, perhaps immediately, in the Border States, after it had yielded to doom in its favorite abode. But we do affirm that the abolition of slavery, as a military necessity, in the openly rebellious States, must be greatly hindered and retarded, if not utterly defeated, by the mercy shown to it in those States which profess a hollow and treacherous loyalty. Hollow and treacherous just as far as they are slaveholding. That a great number of the inhabitants of those States are truly loyal, and so because they long to be rid of the eternal foe to their prosperity and progress, we see in the remarkable demonstrations of Missouri. The Slave Interest is everywhere identical, and, with exceptions so few and insignificant that they can only be taken as proofs of the general rule, wherever there is a slaveholder there is a rebel at heart and in tongue. That this is true we know by the actions and the words of Wickliffe and Saulsbury and whatever representatives the Border State slaveholders have in Congress. The treason of these men is scarcely disguised. The identity of slavery with the nation is the axiom of their philosophy, and whatever attacks slavery overthrows their feeble allegiance to it, founded only on the belief that the one was the surest safeguard of the other. These false friends have been from the beginning the most dangerous enemies that have beset the life of the nation.

Is it true statesmanship, is it even ordinary common sense—though there is less difference between the two than the little-wise by whom the world is governed would have us think—to leave the occasion of the war which has brought us to death's door, as a nation, untouched and protected, in all the region within our control, if we expect to use its abolition in that arrayed in rebellion against us, as a sharp-threshing instrument for their discomfiture? Perhaps the greatest misfortune the country has labored under, of all those attendant upon this war, was the consent of Kentucky to remain in the Union on the virtual condition of governing it. Had the destruction of slavery everywhere been pronounced as essential to the preservation of the nation, and had it caused her to shoot from her sphere and gravitate to her natural centre, as a slave State, it would have been a profitable loss. Unless, as is probable, the free element there had refused to be led further into ruin by the handful of slaveholders who have governed them thus far. In which case, the triumph of truth and freedom would have been all the more signal. It is yet too early to affirm that the Emancipation policy of the President will be sufficient to save the nation. It may have been delayed too long. The year of absolute power, of positive dictatorship, voluntarily submitted to by the people, having passed away, he may not have force enough to carry it through by the strong hand. Treason at home, now crept out of its lurking-places and ramping in legislative halls and courts of justice, may be strong enough to hinder the destruction of the power of which it is the swift and faithful servant. But, if it is to be successful, as we believe it may be made, we are sure that it can be so by no half-measures, encouraging treason at home at the same time that it exasperates rebellion in the field. Is it yet too late to lay the axe at the root of this evil tree? If slavery be the cause and original of this war, and its abolishment be essential to victory and the establishment of the republic in its integrity, does not this military necessity apply to all the slave States as well as to those openly in arms? If this be true—and what clear-sighted lover of his country can deny it?—is the time gone by when a supplementary proclamation may declare slavery at an end in the Border States as well as the Cotton States, as inevitable, if the nation is to live? The day is short and the night is at hand (and such a night!), if the work appointed for that day be not done.

AFFAIRS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

GOV. STANLEY, by his pro-slavery policy, has given great offence to the soundly loyal portion of the people of North Carolina, who are praying and hoping for his removal, and for the appointment in his place of some man who will labor and faithfully [illegible] the President's policy of Emancipation. It is a wonder to us that he was not long since removed, and we believe he would have been but for the malign influence of Seward, who has been willing to stultify himself, humiliate the country, and consign the slaves to fresh cruelty, if he could thereby develop a Union sentiment in the slave States. The President, we understand, is strongly urged to appoint Gen. Fremont in place of Gov. Stanley. It is thought by those who press this change upon the government that the name of Fremont would summon in a week almost an army of colored Unionists, as large as the white army Foster commands.

The Free Labor Movement in North Carolina is making rapid progress. The Presidents of the Free Labor Associations of Craven, Carteret, Hyde and Beaufort Counties have received letters from prominent Northern statesmen, irrespective of party, expressing the earnest commendations of their object and principles. They are also assured of the hearty sympathy and coöperation of President Lincoln, notwithstanding the persistent opposition of Gov. Stanley to the movement. The movement is rapidly gaining strength, and already includes the First North Carolina Regiment. A movement is on foot to ask the authority of Congress for the formation of ten loyal North Carolina regiments, the material for which is abundant. The following resolutions have been adopted, by the First North Carolina Loyal Volunteers:

Resolved, That one "Jennings Pigott," now claiming a seat as Representative from this District, who came to Newbern a few weeks ago from Washington, D. C., where he has been "claim agent" for fifteen years, for the purpose of getting "elected to Congress" through Gov. Stanley's aid, and by promises to Secessionists to return their slaves, and indemnify them for their losses, and by sympathizing with them generally and denouncing "free labor" as "abolitionism," while he, himself, at his home in the District of Columbia, professes to be an "Abolitionist," has earned the contempt of all decent men and richly merits "a coat of tar and feathers" and "a free ride on a rail," should he ever again visit North Carolina.

Resolved, That as native citizens of North Carolina and loyal men who have taken up arms for the Union, we claim the right to have something to say as to who shall be the Representative to Congress from this District, and inasmuch as the majority of our regiment were disfranchised through the trickery and meanness of Gov. Stanley and his confederates, and with the exception of some fifty or sixty of our members, not given an opportunity to vote, we protest against the recognition of the election of the said "Jennings Pigott."

The following is among the resolutions adopted by the Carteret County Free Labor Association:

Resolved, That Edward Stanley's attempted suppression of the freedom of the Press by menaces of summary punishment of correspondents, and by threats to arrest and imprison any and all persons whatever who shall dare to speak or write in censure of his course, is in derogation of public liberty, and hostile to the fundamental principle of republican government.

WENDELL PHILLIPS IN NEW YORK.

THE evening chosen for the lecture of WENDELL PHILLIPS in this city (Wednesday, Jan. 21) was, in respect of weather and the condition of the streets, the very worst, thus far, of the whole Winter. A furious North-east storm, which had prevailed during the day, became still more furious at nightfall; the streets were very muddy, the rain fell fast, and a high wind made it almost impossible to hold an open umbrella in the hand. In spite of all this, however, the Cooper Institute, before the hour appointed for opening the doors, was besieged by an eager crowd, who seemed not unwilling to get a wetting if they could thereby secure favorable positions within the hall; and long before the hour appointed for the lecture to begin, the great hall was filled in every part by an assembly which any speaker might be proud of an opportunity to address. It embraced many leading citizens, of various occupations and professions, who have not heretofore been very often seen in anti-slavery gatherings; and it is thought that about one-third of those who had braved the tempest to hear the great orator of freedom were women.

MR. PHILLIPS, as he stepped upon the platform, was welcomed by three rousing cheers, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and other demonstrations of applause. On motion of THEODORE TILTON, EDGAR KETCHUM, Esq., was appointed to preside; and Mr. Phillips, on being presented by the Chairman in a few well-chosen words, was once more greeted with enthusiastic cheers. He held the audience in close attention for one hour and twenty minutes. His speech was universally regarded as among the best ever heard from his lips in this city. It was reported in full the next morning by *The Tribune* and other papers, and many of our readers may be disappointed in not seeing it in our columns this week. It is proper to say, therefore, that the reports of the daily journals, being very hastily made, are necessarily somewhat imperfect, and we obey the injunction of Mr. Phillips in not transferring any of them to THE STANDARD before he has had opportunity for careful revision.

Upon the conclusion of the lecture, there was a general call for HORACE GREELEY, who was discovered on the platform. He came forward, and when the cheers of the multitude had subsided, spoke substantially as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: When this struggle commenced I think I was not as gay and as sanguine as most of you were. I did not believe, if we had a civil war at all, it could be a little war. I did believe and I believe now it might have been made a little war by striking so soon, and striking so strongly that it would not have been a civil war at all. I believed then and I believe now that a moderate army, quickly raised, well disciplined, well commanded, and with an earnest purpose, might have gone suddenly to Richmond and quenched out this rebellion, struck it out of existence before it became a civil war. When it was the South against the North, and not merely the fillibusters of the South against the Union, we all must have realized that it was destined to be one of the great wars of history—one of the great wars. We are now in the midst of that war. It demands of us efforts, and sacrifices, and perils. I do not see the immediate result of the war. I am not sanguine that, under the leadership we have, the management we have, an immediate triumph is at all certain. We may have that. We are more likely not to have that. But, at the same time, I do realize that the end of this contest—the real end, the end that is to be conclusive—cannot be other than I think a North America and a free North America. If the war were to be suspended to-morrow—suspended by whatever contrivance you please, compromise, dissolution, anything—it could be but a truce, nothing more. The free system has already received wounds which I believe to be mortal. It may not be that the effect will be immediately visible; but you can't put things back where they were any more than a broken egg can be made a whole egg again. All men know that this country is to be one country. Divide it here; let demagogues talk of separating the West from the East—and I think we have more danger to-day from conspiracies against the Union in the free States than in the slave; I think the danger is greater from these than from those—but subdivide it to-morrow, make half a dozen nations and make them all slave, and yet there will be this irresistible tendency to American organization and union, to have one country and one Constitution, that will still prevail, will still be felt as irresistibly as the Mississippi runs to the gulf. You might make a dam that would stop that for a day, but not for a year; and you cannot break this country to pieces, nor can you destroy the elements that are destined to make it a free country. The invention of printing, the trial by jury and all the elements of civilization, all protest against a slave empire, all war against it and all are bound to contribute to its final and absolute destruction. I say, then, while I am not so sanguine of instant results as many are, I know that the struggle can have but one end, and that will be an end which all good men shall rejoice in, and Heaven must approve. In that faith, I thank God to have lived in this day and borne my humble part in this struggle, and entreat every friend and every believer in God and man to take hold and go forward (great applause).

The vast audience then rose, and with one accord, led by Mr. S. LASAR, closed the evening by singing the new version of the John Brown song by Miss EDNA DEAN PROCTOR. It is as follows:

John Brown died on a scaffold for the slave;
Dark was the hour when we dug his hallowed grave;
Now God avenges the life he gladly gave—
Freedom reigns to-day!
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown sowed, and his harvesters are we;
Honor to him who has made the bondman free;
Loved evermore shall our noble Ruler be—
Freedom reigns, etc.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
Bright o'er the sod let the starry banner wave;
Lo! for the millions he perilled all to save—
Freedom reigns, etc.

John Brown lives—we are gaining on our foes—
Right shall be victor whatever may oppose—
Fresh, through the darkness, the wind of morning blows,
Freedom reigns, etc.

John Brown's soul through the world is marching on;
Hail to the hour when oppression shall be gone!
All men will sing, in the better age's dawn,
Freedom reigns, etc.

John Brown dwells where the battle strife is o'er;
Earth will remember the crown of thorns he wore—
Freedom reigns, etc.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
John Brown lives in the triumphs of the brave;
John Brown's soul not a higher joy can crave—
Freedom reigns, etc.

The Tribune of Thursday spoke of Mr. Phillips's lecture in the following terms:

"The immense audience which, despite the terrible storm of last evening, assembled in the great hall of the Cooper Institute, was an earnest of the firm resolve with which President Lincoln's Proclamation of Freedom is supported by the masses of the people. Rather to give the members of the force an opportunity to hear the great champion of uncompromised justice, than as a precaution against violence from the rowdy nucleus of Fernando Wood and Jefferson Davis, a strong force of police was present in the lobbies. But the only marks of disapprobation were a few hisses from friends of the Secretary and his 'Siamese twin at Albany.' Mr. Phillips's 'Amen to the Proclamation' is so noble and so inspiring, it pierces with such trenchant vision through the clouds that encompass us for the moment, that we report it entire in this morning's paper."

—On Monday evening next Mr. Phillips, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association, will deliver his lecture upon "The Lost Arts" in the Cooper Institute; and on Tuesday evening he will speak upon "OUR FUTURE" in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

FREE LABOR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Free South, in an article which we have copied on the first page, expresses the deep anxiety which prevails among the Freedmen and their friends in the Department of the South, in view of the danger that the plantations, when sold by the government, may fall into the hands of speculators, whose selfish greed may defeat the experiment of free labor that has been inaugurated in that quarter with such encouraging results. Congress has been appealed to to delay the sale of the lands, and a bill for that purpose has already passed the Senate. We trust it will pass the House also.

The United States Tax Commissioners for South Carolina have made a preliminary report, in which they say it must be obvious the system of free labor has not had a fair trial in the part of that State under United States control. Scarcely any system has been put to a practical test; and, owing to casualties, and the shifting circumstances of military occupation, no permanent labor policy can be inaugurated. The great impediment to progress is the uncertainty which overhangs the future of the colored people. It is a great mistake to suppose them unmindful of the uncertainty of their condition. Nevertheless, they are but tenants at will on the grace of the government, subject to military caprice and necessity, with a strong desire to obtain permanent and free homes where they were born and reared. This class of people, the Commissioners say, are daily thronging their doors, anxiously inquiring about their destiny when the lands shall be sold for taxes. They feel the necessity of some guiding minds to direct them into a new state of existence, the immense magnitude of which they appreciate, but the details of which they are unable to comprehend. The males especially are anxious to continue on, or return to their former labor, provided they and their families can be assured of their freedom, moderate compensation, free homes, and permanent employment.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—On Monday last, after a contest of three weeks duration, the Assembly succeeded in electing a Speaker in the person of Theodore C. Callicott, of Brooklyn. He is a Democrat, for whom the Republicans (being unable to elect a man of their own party) voted, in order to defeat the regular Democratic candidate, who was believed to be a tool of Fernando Wood and pledged, in case of his election, to aid the plot for preventing the election of a U. S. Senator the present year. It was openly declared by leading Wood Democrats, that if they could control the organization of the Assembly, they would not allow that body, on the day fixed by law (Tuesday next) to ballot for U. S. Senator, but by defeating an election the present year, put into the hands of Governor Seymour the power to appoint a Senator to serve until the next Legislature should make an election. Failing to elect a Speaker of their own stripe, pledged to carry out this plot, their purpose was to keep the Assembly unorganized till after the day fixed by law for the choice of a Senator.

The Democrats charge Callicott with having corruptly sold himself to the Republicans, but we presume that he did no more than to promise, if chosen mainly by Republican votes, to deal as fairly by them as he could consistently with his allegiance to his own party.

There is scarcely a doubt that a Republican Senator will be chosen on Tuesday next, but who is likely to be the man is more than we can say. We trust that no tool of Thurlow Weed will be elected.

THE FREE SOUTH.—The first number of this paper, dated Beaufort, S. C., Jan. 10, is before us. It is to be continued weekly, at $3 per annum. C. C. Leigh, 400 Broadway, is the agent for receiving subscriptions and advertisements from the North. We shall look to this paper for reliable information of all important movements in the Department of the South, especially those relating to the condition and prospects of the freedmen. We have copied from the first number a poem by Mrs. Gage, and an editorial article upon a question of great importance. See first page.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

GHENT, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1863.

To the Editors of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

SINCE my last to you three million of the enslaved, for whose deliverance we have labored hitherto, have been officially, legally pronounced FREE! A new nation, equal in numbers to the original of our own, created by a stroke of the pen out of chattelism! While we have been speculating as to the chances of recognition by foreign powers of the "Confederacy," lo! the Federal government has recognized a new South—a South of humanity which it has hitherto held and treated as property—and has promised to help achieve freedom and independence for this newly created nation.

These three million are not only admonished that henceforth wages should be claimed for their labor, but they are—such as may be qualified—invited from the level of property to the position of soldiers. We are yet too near the first of January to see the magnitude of the event. Its immense significance will more and more appear as we pass beyond its date. For a half century there had been in the nation a full, strong tide toward slavery when the banner of "immediate emancipation" was first unfurled. At that date began a new, positive current in the national life. It has been steadily deepening and broadening. The banner lately unfurled, and now borne onward, by Col. Higginson's South Carolina negro soldiers, bearing the significant inscription, "THE YEAR OF JUBILEE HAS COME," supported by the proclamation of Emancipation, announces that the anti-slavery *current* is in fact becoming the *tide* of the nation's life. I say *becoming*—the full tide of anti-slavery has not yet been reached, but I have faith in the desperate madness of the slaveholders, and that the terrible scourging and discipline of the nation will continue until through suffering and repentance the change will have been rendered complete. There will be ups and downs in the revolution, but thus thoroughly inaugurated, I do not believe it will go backward. If there is to be in the future of this country a "United States," which shall include the seceded districts, there will have been added three million of freemen. If there be separation, the Confederacy will find that in this military era among the negroes a ghost has been called up which will not vanish at their bidding. The revenge of the slaves so shamefully returned by Gen. Steele not long ago, by burning their master's dwelling and firing shots at the inmates, is a forewarning of the day of reckoning which will come to the Confederates if emancipation by the Federal government is prevented.

The proclamation is as valuable for what it is accomplishing in the North as at the South. The "situation" is being defined by it. It is emancipating many hitherto apologists of slavery, who say amen to Butler and his new doctrines. It is effectually unmasking the real diabolical champions of slavery and rebellion, who are less formidable in openly intimidating a Legislature at Albany, than when a year ago they were zealously, "patriotically" supporting and praising "Honest" Abraham Lincoln. The proclamation has severed the "tap root" of the "Democracy," so that it cannot henceforth as in the past draw its nourishment from the "sacred soil" of the South.

I was in Rochester on the day of the appearance of the newsboys with the first issue of the papers containing the message of freedom. Just in advance of me one of the boys met an intelligent-looking business man and said to him, "*Union*, sir?" offering him the *Daily Union and Advertiser* (pro-slavery). The man shook his head and passed on, but the boy continued, saying, "The Proclamation is out. The niggers are all free! Lincoln has done it!" Our business man suddenly stopped, said he wanted a paper, and added with significant earnestness, by way of comment: "*I hope the niggers will kill Lincoln!*" A look of despair, mingled with anger, passed over his countenance, as though he were inwardly saying, "Alas! for the 'Union as it was,' and those good old days of fraternal fellowship with our 'dear Southern brethren'; we shall henceforth know them no more forever."

But more slaves than England emancipated in the West Indies still continue in bondage by authority of the Federal government, to remain "for the present, as though this proclamation had not been issued." These slaves are in the districts still hotly contested for possession, or where there is at best but constrained loyalty. They are, too, the very ones within reach, and under the control of the Federal arm. It is a continuation of the old Republican policy, which, as one of the editors of *The Tribune* once defined it to me, was: "We are opposed to slavery where it is not, and in favor of it where it is." That is, the President proclaims the abolition of slavery in the sections beyond his present reach, and volunteers to uphold the accursed system which would otherwise fall to the ground in the very regions wherein his military authority could be at once beneficently asserted. This is infamous and utterly inexcusable tampering with life and liberty. God will probably continue to provide rain and mud, and still longer to baffle and disappoint the hopes of the nation centered in its great Army of the Potomac so long as the President allows himself and his Cabinet to wallow in the mud of Border State slavery.

I have held since my last letter a deeply interesting series of meetings in Central and Western New York. Of these I cannot in this letter speak in detail. I have had the most thoughtful, earnest listeners I have ever met on any lecturing tour. Men are taking sides with earnestness. The pro-slavery "Democrats," stimulated by Gov. Seymour's impudent and infamous message, are lately becoming much more bold and defiant in tone. As we advance in the revolution it will not be surprising if there shall be clashing of arms on our own soil. I think I see occasional symptoms of this state of things, as coming events cast their shadows before them. How serious and general this shall become will depend very largely upon the vigilance and earnestness of the real friends of freedom. Want of due faithfulness in this critical hour is sure to be severely punished, and it deserves to be. Abolitionists have great and important responsibilities resting upon them until that Presidential license of slavery, "*For the present*," is converted into *immediate* and *universal emancipation*.

AARON M. POWELL.

EMANCIPATION IN THE DUTCH COLONIES.—The British *Anti Slavery Reporter* for January says:

"In Surinam there seems to be a sentiment of rejoicing among all classes, bond and free, by reason of the approaching emancipation. The institution has not, for many years, been profitable in Curaçoa. There are many persons held in slavery, nearly white, that is, of so slightly dark blood that it cannot be discriminated. Many cases are reported of extreme cruelty having been practised by owners upon their slaves on this island. The first cargo of slaves ever known to have been imported into the United States was from Curaçoa, by the Dutch, while they held their possessions of New Amsterdam, etc. Peter Stuyvesant, who had governed the island and dependencies, was appointed to govern the Dutch possessions in North America in 1640, or about this time, and was the last of their Governors.

"Our private advices state that the law for emancipating the slaves on the 1st of July next, had been proclaimed by the Colonial government, in the Dutch and Negro-Dutch languages. The slaves were highly rejoiced. Two deputations, one of men and another of women, waited on the Governor, and desired him to convey to the King of Holland their thanks for the boon of freedom, promising to show, by their behavior and industry, that they were worthy of it. Copies of the law and of the proclamation were bought by many slaves, and groups of them formed in the streets to hear one of their number read the documents. Many who could not read, bought the papers and kissed them."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—A dispatch in *The Times*, dated Washington, 26th inst., says: "The President's Emancipation Proclamation was, yesterday, issued as General Orders No. 1, and dated Jan. 2, 1863." The proverbial slowness of the Administration is herein illustrated. Why this delay of almost a month in the formal promulgation to the Army of the Proclamation of Freedom? Was it not enough that the President gave the rebels three months' notice of his purpose, that he should afterwards wait twenty-four days before putting his Proclamation in official shape before the leaders of the army, many of whom were ready to avail themselves of any technical excuse for neglecting to enforce it? Such delays as this, alike shameful and inexcusable, put the cause of the country in great peril.

BLACK SOLDIERS AT THE NORTH.—The Washington correspondent of *The World*, under date of Tuesday, says: "Gov. Andrew left for Boston to-day, taking with him authority to raise regiments of negroes, resident in the State of Massachusetts, for the United States service." We hope this is true, but fear it is not.

PERSONAL.

The venerable John Pierpont has been made Librarian of the Treasury Department at Washington.

Theodore D. Weld spoke in Concord, N. H., on Friday evening, the 23d inst., and again on Sunday evening last.

Rev. E. G. Ames has accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit of the 1st Church, Cincinnati, for six months. This is the pulpit lately filled by M. D. Conway.

Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm is coming East to deliver lectures upon the extent and atrocity of the Indian massacres, recently perpetrated in Minnesota, her adopted State.

Com. Nutt will act as groomsman at the wedding of his friend Tom Thumb, and the bridesmaid will be a little sister of the bride—a young lady quite as minute and pretty as the future Mrs. Thumb.

Rev. M. D. Conway preached in the Senate Chamber, in Washington, in place of Rev. W. H. Channing, on Sunday last. His subject was, "God's Unrecognized Gift to America." Among the auditors was Wendell Phillips.

Benjamin F. Wade, the lion-hearted Senator from Ohio, has been re-elected for the term of six years from the fourth of March next. If his spirit had been infused into the Administration from the start, we might now be rejoicing in the overthrow of the rebellion and the emancipation of every slave.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln have presented Ex-Gov. Newell, of New Jersey, with a beautiful and costly gold-headed cane, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his professional services to their family when suffering from sickness several months since.

Soon after the recent election in Massachusetts it was stated that Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams cast a Republican ticket, remarking as he did so, "I mean that vote for Charles Sumner." The Rev. Dr. now takes the trouble to contradict the story, in which, he says, there is not a word of truth.

Wendell Phillips, at the request of the New York Mercantile Library Association, will deliver his lecture upon "The Lost Arts," at the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock. This lecture has already been delivered twice or more in this city, but it will no doubt command a full house. On Tuesday evening Mr. Phillips will speak upon "Our Future" in Plymouth Church (Rev. H. W. Beecher's), Brooklyn.

The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune* says: "We have almost the highest official authority under the government for stating that Mrs. Lincoln has at last become thoroughly anti-slavery—is hearty in her approval of the Emancipation proclamation, and urges immediate and comprehensive arming of slaves who have been made free by it."

The Washington correspondent of *The Herald* states, "men of the peculiar stamp went in a body last night to the President's house and demanded the removal of Seward. They are not without fear that their fire and fervor was not quite consistent with court language and conduct; but they say that the President treated them kindly."

A dispatch in *The Times*, dated Washington, Jan. 26, says: "Wendell Phillips, in company with Mr. Stearns, of Boston, and Rev. M. D. Conway, was, to-day, on the floor of the House, and was introduced by Hon. M. F. Conway to the members, who crowded around to pay their respects. In the evening Mr. Stearns gave a social entertainment, at which Mr. Phillips was present."

A few days since, Secretary Chase gave a sumptuous dinner to a large company. Among his guests were Hon. Simon Cameron; Hon. George Bancroft, the historian; John Jay, grandson of John Jay of Revolutionary memory; Senator Collamer, of Vermont; Collector Barney, of New York; Representatives Hickman, of Pennsylvania; Thomas, of Massachusetts; Edwards of New Hampshire; Potter, of Wisconsin, and others.

Cephas Brainerd, of this city, has been appointed Arbitrator on the part of the United States under the treaty with Great Britain for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade. This is an excellent appointment. Mr. Brainerd belongs to the anti-slavery wing of the Republican party, and has done much to advance the cause of freedom.

Gen. Hooker, says the Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, applied for authority to appoint George W. Smalley, from civil life, one of his aids-de-camp. The fixed rules of the service forbade the selection. Mr. Smalley's graphic description of the battle of Antietam, in *The Tribune*, won the approval of all the officers of the Army of the Potomac, and it was thought that the author of such a letter could not but make an invaluable staff officer.

Gen. Cameron, it is said, will soon resign his office of Minister to St. Petersburg. A promise made to Cassius M. Clay, immediately after his return from Russia, will be redeemed by accrediting him anew to the Court of the Czar. It is a pity that such a promise was ever made, for Mr. Clay is not a suitable man to represent the United States at any European Court. We need no better minister at St. Petersburg than Bayard Taylor, the present *Chargé de Affaires*, and it is a pity to waste money in sending another.

On Sunday evening last, says *The American Baptist*, Theodore Tilton delivered one of his best lectures to a crowded house at the Bethesda Baptist Church, Jersey City. The opportunities of the nation, and the dangers of delaying the execution of justice to the African race, were portrayed with the vividness of a master pencil, and the audience listened with almost breathless silence for an hour and a half.

Thurlow Weed has retired from the Albany *Evening Journal*, assigning as the reason for so doing that he differs "widely, radically and irreconcilably" with his party "about the best means of crushing the rebellion." In other words, he is no longer a Republican, but a Copperhead Democrat. If he had made this avowal before the recent State election, instead of remaining with the Republican party for the purpose of more effectually working for the defeat of its candidates, his course would have been far more honorable. And now, if Mr. Seward would only follow Mr. Weed's example!

Dr. Dio Lewis, Principal of the Boston Normal Institute for Physical Training, attended an exhibition of Mrs. Z. H. Plumb's Class in Light Gymnastics, at Dodworth's Hall, on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Plumb, who is a graduate of the Boston Institution above named, has met with great success in introducing the new system in this city, as the large and intelligent audience which assembled to witness the exhibition fully proved. The performances of the class were alike creditable to themselves and to their teacher, and Dr. Lewis's exposition of the peculiar advantages of the new system were listened to with deep interest. The meeting closed with singing the John Brown song, and three cheers successively for the Union and for Dr. Lewis.

John Anderson, the fugitive who so narrowly escaped rendition to his master in Missouri by the Canadian authorities, in response to a fictitious claim under the extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and who afterwards went to England, embarked for Liberia in December last. On the evening previous to his departure, he was entertained at a farewell *soirée* held at Shirley's Temperance Hotel in London. The company assembled on the occasion consisted chiefly of members of the Committee who assumed the responsibility of his education during the period of his residence in England. Harper Twelvetrees, Esq., the chairman of the Committee, presided at the meeting. A satisfactory report of the progress made by Anderson at school was furnished by Mr. Poole, and speeches were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Hewlett, Prof. Allen (a gentleman of color), and Messrs. Noble, Jr., Cooke Baines, F. W. Chesson, W. Farmer and J. A. Horner. Resolutions were passed expressing the earnest desire of the meeting for the prosperity of John Anderson, and wishing success to the Negro Republic of Liberia; also thanking Mr. Twelvetrees, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Mr. Gerald Ralston, the Consul-General for Liberia, and others, for the trouble they had taken on Anderson's behalf.

At the Union Society in Cambridge College, England, there was recently a public debate on American affairs, in which a son of Lord John Russell and Mr. Trevelyan spoke against the Union cause and in support of the rebellion. A son of Edward Everett, who is a student at Cambridge, followed in defence of his country and government, and an English clergyman, who participated in the debate, writes: "After him got up young Everett (Edward Everett's son), who, by the bye, is considered one of the most distinguished men in Cambridge, the whole house against him, but cool and perfectly collected. He took Trevelyan's speech to pieces, point by point, used him up bit by bit, till the whole house was slowly turned in his favor, and he had it all his own way. It was a great success, and marks him as one that will surely distinguish himself sooner or later. He will take his degree in January, and will then, I think, come to America. Look out for him."

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26, 1863.

A GREAT battle was to have been fought on the Rappahannock, but the rain came on at the moment when Gen. Burnside's plans were to have been carried into execution. The very elements seem sometimes to be in league against us in this conflict with the pro-slavery rebellion, but the fact is that nations, like individuals, must be able, if they are successful, to triumph even over the elements. Burnside was all ready for a battle three weeks ago, when Generals of his army came up here and made representations to the President against the movement. *It is said* that Mr. Lincoln interfered and postponed the advance. I do not believe the story. If he did thus interfere, the responsibility upon his shoulders is very great, inasmuch as if the army had moved three weeks ago, it would have had good weather and roads for the movement. It has neither now. There is a good deal of curiosity here to learn who it was that came up from Falmouth to labor with the President. Some say it was John Cochrane—others that it was Gens. Sumner and Hooker. All these have been up here within a fortnight. I hear that John Cochrane is falling back into pro-slaveryism and McClellanism. He was known all last Summer and Fall to be one of those who had little faith in Gen. McClellan, but it is reported that he is now urging the recall of that General to the command of the Army of the Potomac. He made some very alarming representations of the condition of the army while in this city. I must confess that other testimony fully corroborates his statements. Senator Wilson has moved an inquiry into the subject in the Senate.

The Fitz John Porter affair has created a nine-days sensation. Geo. Wilkes, who long ago gave the General the name of "Fitz Yellow Kids," was in town when the decision of the Court and the President was made known. *It was no news to him*. He was right. The President's courage in this affair is comforting. And this I say without expressing an opinion upon the question of the guilt or innocence of Gen. Porter. The President unquestionably thought the verdict of the Court was just, and he had the courage to drive a Major-General from the ranks. It was a bold act, and he deserves great credit for it. Any one who will look at the charges and the evidence will find no difficulty whatever in arriving at one conclusion, namely, that Gen. Porter *did* in point of fact disobey the orders of Gen. Pope. Take this single order for instance, for there were others:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
Bristow Station, Aug. 27, 1862—3 p.m.

Maj.-Gen. F. J. Porter, Warrenton Junction.

GENERAL: The Major-General Commanding directs that you start at 1 o'clock, to-night, and come forward with your whole corps, or such part of it as is with you, so as to be here by daylight to-morrow morning. Hooker has had a very severe action with the enemy, with a loss of about 300 killed and wounded. The enemy has been driven back and is retreating along the railroad. We must drive him from Manassas, and clear the country between that place and Gainesville, where McDowell is.

If Morell has not joined you, send word to him to push forward immediately. Also, send word to Banks to hurry forward with all speed to take your place at Warrenton Junction. It is necessary, on all accounts, that you should be here by daylight. I send an officer with this dispatch, who will conduct you to this place. Be sure to send word to Banks, who is on the road to Fayetteville, probably in the direction of Bullrun. Say to Banks, also, that he had better run back the railroad trains to this side of Cedar Run. If he is not with you, write him to that effect.

By command of MAJ.-GEN. POPE.
GEO. D. RUGGLES, Colonel and Chief of Staff.

Nobody pretends that Gen. Porter executed this positive command. *He waited till morning*. The main evidence before the Court was to prove that Porter was justified in waiting till daylight. Now, it may be true that he was fully justified by the circumstances in delaying his movement—I am incompetent to express an opinion upon that point—but it is very evident that he did disobey Gen. Pope.

The rebellious Peace Democracy are somewhat alarmed at the exhibition of rigor on the part of the President. It looks to them as if he meant to make short work with all men who attempt to obstruct the government in its war upon the rebellion. I think the President at last has got fully awake. He has been not a little nervous over the acts of the Democrats in New York, Illinois, New Jersey, and in other States, and he is convinced that soft words and tufts of grass will not answer any longer. It is time to throw stones at the enemy, whether he be found in the ranks of the rebels or at home. I think the President has made up his mind that he may as well perish in a bold attempt to crush out all disloyal opposition to the government in the free States as to lie still and see the government crumble peacefully to pieces. The Democrats of the North may as well understand that they can only triumph in their traitorous schemes through civil war at the North—in other words, that the government will brook no interference with its vigorous prosecution of the war, and if such interference is offered, it will endeavor to crush the traitors, North as well as South. Is James Brooks ready for war in the streets of New York? Is Fernando Wood? And if they are, are the respectable Democrats, who have property and an interest in preserving law and order, ready for civil war *at home?* I believe not. But this government will *wage war* against traitors in the free States if they make any open movement in aid of the rebellion. That is a fact, and it may just as well be understood now as hereafter. Mr. Stanton made a great many blunders last Summer. He arrested men whom he had better have let alone, but the fact that those blunders were made will not prevent the government from arresting other men who are guilty of treason in any of the free States. Such a thing as a peaceable disunion is an impossibility, and Northern Democrats should comprehend the fact.

Congress is prosecuting the business that remains for it to do with a good deal of vigor. But five more weeks remain. The financial question is yet unsettled. The House has passed a bill, satisfactory in most respects to Mr. Chase and now the Senate will take up the subject. By the end of the present week it should be settled in Congress finally, for the country has a right to know what the financial policy of the government is to be. It seems to me the President is right in urging the impropriety of issuing such a vast amount of paper currency, and the Eastern members commit a great political blunder in refusing a tax upon bank notes. The West feels sore upon this subject, and it is not a time to force an issue on any such question. The banks *ought* to give way to the government, says Mr. Chase—says the President, but the House will not agree to their assertion. It is exceedingly important that the government should have a financial policy that will carry it through the war, and it has sometimes seemed to me, in watching the proceedings of the House, that certain ardent Republicans care about as much for the banks as they do for the country, and more than they do for the slaves, about whom they talk so much. But this is a monetary question, upon which men will differ, and it is not necessary to impeach any one's patriotism to account for the singular conduct of certain members.

The army is growing smaller every day, and the War Department begins to have a look-out for the future. How are we to have more troops? We must have them, it is said, but the question is—how are they to be got? Some gentlemen in Congress talk of conscription, but they hardly know of what they talk.

Unless our forces already in the field, who outnumber the rebels nearly two to one, can win victories, the people will not submit to another draft, or to a general conscription act. The very best way is for the government to put its best foot foremost, and endeavor to win some victories this coming Spring, and then all will go well. A great victory between this and next May will save us from many difficulties.

There is trouble in the Army of the Potomac. One of the divisions at least is badly demoralized, it is said, by its McClellan General and officers. It is evident that something must soon be done with this army. A part of it clamors for McClellan, and the President has no idea of granting their desires in this respect. A portion of the army has been badly treated—poorly fed and not paid. This should not have been, but the army should willingly accept the commander put over it by the Commander-in-Chief. Whatever comes, I am convinced that the President has made up his mind not to recall McClellan to command, simply because he is convinced of that General's incompetency. AVUS.

New Publications.

The Atlantic Monthly for February (Boston, Ticknor and Fields) is an excellent number. Here is a list of articles and authors: Sovereigns and Sons, by C. C. Hazewell; Under the Pear-Tree—a story—by Mrs. Hopkinson; Threnody, by the author of "Charles Auchester"; The Utility and the Futility of Aphorisms, by W. R. Alger; Shelley, by a son of Leigh Hunt; The Test—a poem—by Bayard Taylor; The Preacher's Trial, by C. A. Bartol; The Ghost of Little Jacques; Boston Hymn, by Ralph Waldo Emerson; The Siege of Cincinnati, by T. B. Reade; Jane Austen, by Mrs. Waterston; The Proclamation, by J. G. Whittier; The Law of Costs, by D. A. Wasson; The Chasseur à Pied, by W. J. Rose; Latest Views of Mr. Biglow, by J. R. Lowell; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Emerson's "Boston Hymn" (read as a prologue at the Jubilee Concert in that city on New Year's day) will be found on our fourth page. Whittier's poem on the Proclamation we insert in this place.

THE PROCLAMATION.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Saint Patrick, slave to Milcho of the herds
Of Ballymena, sleeping, heard these words:
"Arise, and flee
Out from the land of bondage, and be free!"

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from heaven
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,
And, wondering, sees
His prison opening to their golden keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,
And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away;
And passing where the sleeping Milcho lay,
Though back and limb
Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "God pardon him!"

So went he forth: but in God's time he came
And, dying, gave
The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!

Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint
Of ages! but, like Ballymena's saint,
The oppressor spare;
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer!

Go forth, like him! like him, return again,
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain
Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed!

Mr. Wasson's essay, "The Law of Costs," is not a dry discussion of questions in political economy, but a very striking illustration of the great moral laws working in the history of nations, and especially in our country at the present time. It sets old truth in a new light. "In one important sense," says Mr. Wasson, "this war—baleful and horrible though it be—is the price which the nation must pay for its ideas and its magnanimity. If you take a clear initial step toward any great end, you thereby assume as a debt to destiny the pursuit and completion of your action; and should you fail to meet this debt, it will not fail to meet you, though now in the shape of retribution with a biting edge. The seaman who has signed shipping-papers owes a voyage, and must either sail or suffer. The nation which has recognized absolute rights of man, and in their name assumed to shed blood, has taken upon itself the burden of a high destination, and must bear it, if not willingly, reluctantly, if not in joy and honor, then in shame and weeping." This is admirably said, certainly. We quote again:

"The general statement is this—that whatever has a worth has also a cost. 'The law of the universe,' says a wise thinker, 'is, Pay and take.' . . . . To nations this comprehensive law applies. Would you have a noble and orderly freedom? Buy it, and it is yours. 'Liberty or death,' cried eloquent Henry; and the speech is recited as bold and peculiar; but, by an enduring ordinance of nature, the people that does not in its heart of hearts say, 'Liberty or death,' cannot have liberty. Many of us had learned to fancy that the stern tenure by which ancient communities held their civilization was now become an obsolete fact, and that without peril or sacrifice we might forever appropriate all that blesses nations; but by the iron throat of this war Providence is thundering down upon us the unalterable law, that man shall hold no ideal possession longer than he places all his lower treasures at its command.

"But there was a special form of cost, invited by the virtue of our national existence; and it is this in particular that we are now paying—paying it, I am sorry to say, in the form of retribution because the nation declined to meet it otherwise. But the peculiarity of the case is, as has been affirmed, that it was chiefly the virtue and nobility of the nation which created this debt at the outset."

"Our nation did enunciate a grand idea never equally felt by any other. Our nation has said, and said with the sword in its right hand, 'Every man born into this world has the right from God to make the most and best of his existence, and society is established only to further and guard this sacred right.' We thus established a new scale of justice; we raised a demand for the individual which had not been so made before. Freedom and order were made one; both were identified with justice, simple, broad, equal, universal justice. The American idea, then, what is it? *The identification of politics with justice*, this it is. With justice, and this, too, not on a scale of conventional usage, but on the scale of natural right. That, as I read, is the American idea, making politics moral by their unity with natural justice, justice world-old and world-wide.

"This conception—obscurely seen and felt, and mixed with the inevitable amount of folly and self-seeking, yet, after all, this conception—our nation dared to stand up and announce, and to consecrate it by the shedding of blood, calling God and all good men to witness. The deed was grand; the hearts of men everywhere were more or less its accomplices; all the tides of history ran in its favor; kings, forgetting themselves into virtue and generosity, lent it good wishes or even good arms; it was successful; and on its primary success waited such prosperities as the world has seldom seen.

"But, because the deed was noble, great costs must needs attend it, attend it long. And first of all the cost of *applying our principle within our own borders*. For, when a place had been obtained for us among nations, we looked down, and lo! at our feet the African—in chains. A benighted and submissive race, down-trodden and despised from of old, a race of outcasts, of Pariahs, covered with the shame of servitude, and held by the claim of that terrible talisman, the word *property*—here it crouched at our feet, lifting its hands, imploring. Yes, America, here is your task now; never flinch nor hesitate, never begin to question now; thrust your right hand deep into your heart's treasury, bring forth its costliest, purest justice, and lay its immeasurable bounty into this sable palm, bind its blessings on this degraded brow. Ah, but America did falter and question. 'How can I?' it said. 'This is a Negro, a *Negro!* Besides, he is PROPERTY!' And so America looked up, determined to ignore the kneeling form. With pious blasphemy it said, 'He is here providentially; God in His own good time will dispose of him;' as if God's hour for a good effect were not the earliest hour at which courage and labor can bring it about, not the latest to which indolence and infidelity can postpone it. Then it looked away across oceans to other continents, and began again the chant, 'Man is man; natural right is sacred forever; and of politics the sole basis is universal justice.' Joyfully it sang for a while, but soon there began to come up the clank of chains mingling with its chant, and the groans of oppressed men and violated women, and prayers to Heaven for another justice than this; and then the words of its chant grew bitter in the mouth of our nation, and a sickness came to its heart, and an evil blush mounted and stood on its brow; and at length a devil spoke in its bosom and said, 'The negro has no rights that a white man is bound to respect'; and ere the words were fairly uttered, their meaning, as was indeed inevitable, changed to this—'A Northern "mudsill" has no rights that a Southern gentleman is bound to respect'; and soon guns were heard booming about Sumter, and a new chapter in our history and in the world's history began.

"Our nation refused allegiance to its own principles, refused to pay the lawful costs of its virtue and nobility; therefore it is sued in the courts of destiny, and the case is this day on trial."

"Our nation *had* a faith which it cherished with sincerity and sureness. If half the nation has fallen away from this—if half the remaining moiety is doubtful, sceptical about it—if, therefore, we are already a house divided against itself and tottering to its fall—to what is all due? Simply to the fact that no nation can long unsay its central principle, and yet preserve it in faithfulness and power—that no nation can long preach the sanctity of natural right, the venerableness of man's nature, and the identity of pure justice with political interest, from an auction-block on which men and maidens are sold, that, in fine, a nation cannot continue long with impunity to play within its own borders the part both of Gessler and Tell, both of Washington and Benedict Arnold, both of Christ and of him that betrayed him.

"We must choose. For our national faith we must make honest payment, so conserving it, and with it all for which nations may hope; or else, refusing to meet these costs, we must suffer the nation's soul to perish, and in the imbecility, the chaos and shame that will follow, suffer therewith all that nations may lawfully fear.

"What good omens, then, attend our time, now when the first officer of the land has put the trumpet to his mouth and blown round the world an intimation that, to the extent of the nation's power, these costs will begin to be paid, this true conservation to be practiced! The work is not yet done; and the late elections betoken too much of moral debility in the people. But my trust continues firm. The work will be done, at least so far as we are responsible for its doing. And then! Then our shame, our misery, our deadly sickness will be taken away; no more that poison in our politics; no more that degradation in our commercial relations; no more that careful toning down of sentiment to low levels, that it may harmonize with low conditions; no more that need to shun the company of all healthful and heroic thoughts, such as are fit, indeed, to brace the sinews of a sincere social order, but sure to crack the sinews of a feeble and faithless conventionalism. Base men there will yet be, and therefore base politics; but when once our nation has paid the debt it owes to itself and the human race, when once it has got out of its blood the venom of this great injustice, it will, it must, arise beautiful in its young strength, noble in its new-consecrated faith, and stride away with a generous and sublime pace upon the great highways of historical progress. Other costs will come, if we are worthy; other lessons there will be to learn. I anticipate a place for brave and wise restrictions—for I am no Red Republican—as well as for brave and generous expansions. Lessons to learn, errors to unlearn, there will surely be; tasks to attempt, and disciplines to practise; but once place the nation in the condition of *health*, once get it at one with its own heart, once get it out of these aimless eddies into clear sea, out of these accursed 'doldrums' (as the sailors phrase it), this commixture of broiling calm and sky-bursting thundergust, into the great trade winds of natural tendency that are so near at hand, and I can trust it to meet all future emergency. All the freshest blood of the world is flowing hither; we have but to wed this with the life-blood of the universe, with eternal truth and justice, and God has in store no blessing for noblest nations that will not be secured for ours."

Chronicles of the War.

The Army of the Potomac.

Gen. Burnside has resigned; Gen. Hooker has been assigned to his place; Gens. Sumner and Franklin have been relieved of their commands of the Right and Left Grand Divisions. Gen. Burnside's resignation was accepted on Saturday morning, and on Monday he turned over his command to Gen. Hooker. When the change [illegible] officers called on Gen. Burnside to take leave of him and tender their regrets at his departure. His parting address to the soldiers awards them praise for their courage, patience and endurance, and invokes their full and cordial support for his successor.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Jan. 26, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9.—By direction of the President of the United States, the Commanding General this day transfers the command of this army to Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker.

The short time that he has directed your movements has not been fruitful of victory, nor any considerable advancement of our line, but it has again demonstrated an amount of courage, patience and endurance that, under more favorable circumstances, would have accomplished great results.

Continue to exercise these virtues, be true in your devotion to your country and the principles you have sworn to maintain; give to the brave and skillful General, who has long been identified with your organization, and who is now to command you, your full and cordial support and co-operation, and you will deserve success.

Your General, in taking an affectionate leave of the army from which he separates with so much regret, may be pardoned if he bids an especial farewell to his long and tried associates of the Ninth Corps. His prayers are that God may be with you, and grant you continued success until the rebellion is crushed.

By command of Major-Gen. BURNSIDE.
LEWIS RICHMOND, Acting Adjutant-General.

Gen. Hooker, on assuming command, issued an order, in which he said: "Since the formation of the army he has been identified with its history. He has shared with you its glories and reverses, with no other desire than that these relations might remain unchangeable until its destiny should be accomplished. In the record of your achievements there is much to be proud of, and with the blessing of God we will contribute something to the renown of our arms and the success of our cause. To secure these ends your commander will require the cheerful and zealous coöperation of every officer and soldier in this army. In equipment, intelligence and valor the enemy is our inferior. Let us never hesitate to give him battle wherever we find him. The undersigned only gives expression to the feelings of this army when he conveys to our late commander, Major-General Burnside, the most cordial good wishes for his future."

Gen. Couch succeeds Sumner, and W. F. Smith succeeds Franklin.

General Burnside, with most of his late Staff, has been granted leave of absence for thirty days, and will come immediately to New York.

The sudden change in the weather, occurring on the 13th inst., defeated Gen Burnside's latest plan for crossing the Rappahannock and giving battle to the enemy. The roads suddenly became so muddy that it was impossible to move the artillery. It is affirmed, however, that if he had been cordially supported by his subordinate Generals, he would have moved *before* this change of weather. Henry J. Raymond, Esq., editor of the New York *Times*, having made inquiry on the ground, addressed a letter to that paper, in which he said:

"As things stood the weather afforded sufficient excuse for abandoning the enterprise—indeed made it necessary to do so. But if everything else had been right, this obstacle would have been overcome, or rather would not have arisen in time to offer any difficulty. But the Army of the Potomac is like the soil of Virginia; the upper crust is hard, but thin; a little rain soaks it and underneath lies a treacherous quicksand. Break through the crust and you sink instantly to a depth which makes movement impossible. A good deal has been said of the demoralization of the army. The word is too strong. It does not apply to the mass of the army at all. But it does apply to a good many of the officers. *They are demoralized* in every sense of the word, and they are a source of discouragement—of discontent—of disheartenment (if there is such a word), to their subordinates and to the ranks. I do not hesitate to say that the failure of this latest movement was due, primarily and mainly, to the *insubordination*—the word is not too strong—of some of the Generals in command under Burnside. I ask no better evidence of this than the language openly held by them, in presence of their subordinates, of newspaper reporters and of all who chose to listen, before the movement, while it was in progress and after it had been abandoned. Unless common report, which receives the countenance if not the distinct confirmation of the officers most concerned, is entirely at fault, the Commanding-General was overwhelmed with protests from his subordinates against his movements, *after* they had been decided upon, and with exaggerated and untrue reports of the obstacles in his way. So far as I know, no one of them went so far as to refuse obedience to his orders; but everything short of that which officers could do to embarrass and thwart his plans, was done, and done, too, as on some previous occasions, with effect and success. As every one knows, there is a kind of obedience worse in its results than flat refusal, for it leaves the commanding officer without a remedy. While it answers in *form* all the requirements of the service, it insures, by its halting, half-hearted and possibly premeditated inefficiency, the *failure* of the plan which it pretends to second.

"It may seem a severe judgment, but I cannot help believing, from what I saw and heard, that each of the Generals alluded to, and several of their subordinates, who naturally take their cue from them, *rejoiced in the failure of the movement.*"

Gen. Porter Cashiered.

Gen. Fitz John Porter, contrary to general expectation, has been found guilty by the Court-Martial upon all the charges brought against him, and sentenced to be cashiered, and to be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the government of the United States. The President has confirmed this sentence. Porter, it will be remembered, has been in closest affiliation with Gen. McClellan, sharing his sentiments and supporting his policy.

Butler and Banks.

It is positively stated that Butler is shortly to be restored to command at New Orleans, while Banks will be assigned to duty in Texas. While the recall of Butler was unquestionably a great blunder, there is compensation for it in the influence which his presence has exerted upon public sentiment at the North. Says the Washington correspondent of *The Tribune:*

"No one here could tell Gen. Butler why he was recalled. He declared he would cheerfully carry out the plan formed for him by the government if the means were given him—one of the means being an army such as that which Banks commands at New Orleans, or that which Sherman or McClernand commanded above.

"To organize an African army without the assistance and coöperation of a white army he declared to be out of the question, and the alternative was soon presented of leaving Gen. Butler to spend the Winter and Spring at home at Lowell with his boy, or of sending him to take the place of Gen. Banks or that of Gen. McClernand. He will, on his return, have the troops for which he asked in vain, and more than once, months before he was superseded, will have new responsibilities and a broader field of duty. To him quite as much as to Gen. McClernand and Gen. Grant the West may look to open and keep open the Mississippi."

Disloyalty Rebuked.

A special order issued by Gen. Rosecrans reads as follows:

"2d Lieut. Jesse Ball, Co. I, 84th Illinois volunteers, is dishonorably dismissed the service of the United States for accompanying his tender of resignation with so despicable a reason as that he is tired of the service and is opposed to the proclamation of the President of the United States. The General commanding is glad to rid officers of this army of fellowship with such a character."

The sooner the army is rid of such fellows the better, and we trust that others will take the hint contained in the last sentence of Gen. Rosecrans's order, and leave. It would perhaps be good policy for the government to give an additional inducement to leave by offering them a pass and free transportation to Dixie, where they properly belong.

Department of the South.

Gen. Hunter has resumed the command of the Southern Department, and Brig.-Gen. Brannan, who held command in Gen. Hunter's absence, has been relieved at his own request, his views of the slavery question being opposed to those of the Administration. Gen. Hunter's first order to his army upon resuming command shows the true military spirit. "He would," he says, "remind all officers that it is their imperative duty instantly to put to death any officer or enlisted man who shall be found deserting his brave comrades who are doing their duty in front." Three iron-clads were at Port Royal, and preparations were being made for some important expedition—probably an attack upon Charleston. The reënforcements for the army were hourly expected to arrive.

From North Carolina.

The news from North Carolina is important. An expedition, comprising three gunboats and a number of transports, under command of Gen. Foster, left Hatteras Inlet on the 24th inst., its destination supposed to be Wilmington. Another expedition was fitting out, and would sail soon, probably for the same destination. It was reported at Newbern that 75,000 rebel troops had been concentrated in North Carolina, from the Rappahannock and other points, to oppose Gen. Foster.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

THE NEGROES PREPARING.—In a letter of one of our officers recently exchanged is an account of a significant circumstance, that occurred while on his way South as a prisoner:

"As we were paroled, we had more liberty than the rest of the party. Instead of staying with the rest nights, we would put up at hotels, and report to the provost in the morning and join our party. Two or three times we stayed over a day or two, and went on with the next lot. At one place, which it would be unwise to mention, we found some negroes who asked us if we were Yankees. On assuring them we were, and speaking a few kind words, they asked us to follow them at a distance to a room of theirs. We had not been there long before several joined them, each speaking some word through the key-hole, without which they would get no reply from those within. They asked us innumerable questions about the North, the Administration and the prospects of the war, which we answered to the best of our knowledge. They told us that they were organized into secret societies throughout the South, and were patiently waiting for an opportunity to render the President's expected Proclamation of freedom their aid. Several present were men whom their masters trusted in important transactions, and many assured me that their masters against the 'Institution,' but placed the most implicit confidence in them. They appeared to be well-posted in public affairs, and confident that the Confederacy was on its last legs, as they said the people everywhere were grumbling and complaining of hard times, and praying for peace. One compared the Confederacy to a closet door in the room which hung on only one hinge, and that cracked!"

HELP FROM NEGROES.—The correspondent of the Missouri *Democrat*, writing from Milliken's Bend, La., Jan. 3, says: As the fleet approached Gaines's Landing, 52 miles below Helena, the bank appeared to be lined with negroes, who all started down the shore hurrahing, and shouting, and jumping, and cutting all kinds of antics. I learned from some of them that they thought the fleet was going down to set all the slaves free. When the boats landed, a negro gave information of a large store of wood of the best quality, amounting to more than two thousand cords, secreted in the timber near the bank, in a place where it would not readily have been found. This was a great prize, and was instantly levied on for the use of Uncle Sam. Every soldier able to do duty was sent on shore to pack wood, and by nightfall all the boats were well supplied for nearly the whole trip. Near the wood were some ten or twelve houses, one of them a very fine frame. The negroes said the owners had gone to join the Southern army, and the soldiers, without more ado, burned them all down. Many of the negroes, if not all, came on the boats, and are now under the protection of the army.

EXECUTION OF A MURDERER.—Frederick Lelz, an army teamster, but 20 years old, was hung at the Rip Raps, on the 23d inst., for brutally murdering a negro. Says the correspondent of *The Times:* "It frequently occurs that soldiers in our army indulge low and brutal instincts, by forcibly robbing, striking or insulting unfortunate blacks, whose only crime is that both they and their Ancestors have been for generations victims of a cruel injustice. The youth in question, who was lame, had indulged at least in the two last tendencies, to a degree exceeding his fellows, and, upon a rude provocation, was called by his victim a 'crippled son of a b—h.' He had then no weapon, but promised to kill him the next day. This he accomplished at the time specified, by deliberately shooting him in cold blood. He was tried three weeks ago, by court-martial, and readily confessed his crime, expressing a wish also to kill a few more 'd—d niggers.' The result was a sentence of death, approved by Gen. Dix. Sympathy for the culprit is expressed by certain persons here, because he 'only killed a negro.' Their counterparts are often found elsewhere. It is gratifying to others to see that as an end has arrived to swindling poor negroes of their wages, selling their families, flogging their backs raw, and mutilating them, under United States rule, neither can they be murdered with impunity, as heretofore. The poor creatures will gladden at the thought."

A NEW FEATURE—says the Cairo correspondent of *The Times*, under date Jan. 18—has lately been added to the complexion of affairs here in the West. By direction of Gen. Curtis we are to have an organization of colored patriots for the purposes of offence and defence. Col. Shaw, of the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, passed through here yesterday, *en route* for Helena, armed with the powers necessary to carry out this laudable purpose. He proposes to enrol them in regiments, brigade them, and for his services will probably be assigned to the command of the whole *Corps d'Afrique*—a position which the Colonel is admirably adapted to fill, with infinite credit both to himself and his future command.

RETURNING REBEL SLAVES—"Haha!" laughed the captain, as he suddenly remembered another incident. "There was a fellow named Van Meter, who lived in Moorefield, Virginia; a rebel. Two of his blacks ran away one day when some of my boys were passing through that country. Van Meter somehow heard that I knew where the men were; and he was fool enough to ride over to Cumberland where I happened to be, to see me about it. He offered me two hundred dollars apiece if I would surrender the two black men to him. I took him up at once. We agreed on a certain hour of the next day, when he was to meet me at an appointed spot, on a road some distance out, and receive the men and give me the money.

"My boys lay in ambush for this fool, who thought I, a Buckeye boy, would return them to slavery. He came up in a waggon and a fine span of horses, the money in his pockets, and ropes ready to tie the hands and feet of his runaways. My boys stopped him, took his money, his horses and waggon, and told him to get back to his rebel friends as quick as he could, or it would be worse for him. We sent the black men to Ohio, and they are earning their living there now."

"That was pretty hard on Van Meter, Captain."

"Hard on him? I tell you he was a lucky man. Somehow, my boys don't like these man-owning rebels, and he was mighty lucky that he did not get a shot in the head from somebody's pistol.—*Narrative of Capt. Carpenter, Commander of the "Jessie Scouts."*

SOLDIERS BETRAYING NEGROES INTO SLAVERY.—A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Norfolk, Va., Jan. 23, says:

For some time past, negroes have been disappearing from this vicinity in a mysterious manner, and it has been suspected that they have been "run off" beyond our lines through the connivance of the pickets on the various roads leading into rebeldom. Some members of the 99th Regiment N. Y. have had the reputation of not being over scrupulous in this matter, but with what justice I am not prepared to say. At any rate, it is a fact that a large number of negroes have gone to parts unknown, and rumor has it that they can be heard of somewhere within the province of Secessia, while many soldiers of the 99th have been spending money which it is alleged never came from the Paymaster of the United States Army. It has been hitherto impossible to render these suspicions into such a form as would prove their correctness or their falsity, and while it has been generally conceded that a good business has been done in running off "contrabands" into North Carolina, either by their owners or agents hired for the purpose, and that some of our soldiers have been well paid for their complicity in the transactions, no sufficient proof has been adduced to establish the surmises into certainties. Gen. Viele has been indefatigable in his endeavors to put a stop to this nefarious business, but from the peculiarity of its nature, and the extreme difficulty of obtaining proper evidence in the matter he has hitherto found it impossible to detect the rascals engaged in it. Yesterday, however, an old negro made his appearance before the Provost-Marshal and made a statement that he was one of four slaves who had been run off toward Petersburg by a Capt. Choat and a Mr. Hurst, living near Deep Creek, and that the whole party had effected an escape from those who were conducting them into bondage. The old man still had the irons on his wrists which he swore were placed there by Capt. Choat. Provost-Marshal Major Bovee took the depositions of several negroes, and deemed the testimony of sufficient strength to hold Capt. Choat for another hearing, which will take place on Monday next, and discharged Mr. Hurst. The action of Major Bovee in administering the oath to the colored people has exercised the citizens here to a considerable degree, he having, seemingly, in this matter, established a precedent unrecognized by the laws of Virginia, or any other State recognizing slavery. What will be the result of this action remains to be seen, and whether it will be indorsed by the Military Governor is a matter of speculation. Gen. Viele, in all his decisions, has been actuated, heretofore, by a desire to conform as closely to the requirements of the existing laws of this State as is compatible with military occupation and the exigency of the service. A new and very delicate question is now presented to him, and we wait to see whether he will indorse the higher law, and accept the sworn testimony of a slave against a white man, in a serious cause, or fall back upon the law of the State and dismiss the case as wanting sufficient evidence. The exception of this portion of Virginia in the President's Emancipation proclamation must prove embarrassing in cases like this under consideration, and as a precedent is demanded, Gen. Viele may as well give it now promptly and without equivocation as at any future time. The case is of peculiar interest, and the whole community is anxious for its termination. Capt. Choat, I am informed, has held a commission in the rebel army. The other fugitives have not yet made their appearance within our lines.

THE BLACK VOLUNTEERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—The correspondent of *The Times*, under date Port Royal, Jan. 21, writes: It is said that the government has authorized the recruiting of 50,000 negroes into regiments, for service in this department, as soon as they can be procured. The First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, under Col. T. W. Higginson, is now nearly full, and yesterday Col. Montgomery, formerly of the Third Kansas Regiment, arrived by the *Star of the South* from New York, with a commission to raise the Second Regiment. There will be little impediment in the way of quickly doing this, if—as I am informed will be the case—the work of cotton-planting is not carried on next Spring, and the able negroes now on the plantations within our lines are encouraged to enlist. Last Wednesday Gen. Hunter dropped in accidentally at the review of the First Regiment just previous to its departure on transports upon an expedition down the coast, the object of which I have not heard. The regiment made a fine appearance, numbering about 800 men, and parading 600 muskets. All of the men who had received military instruction during the past two months, and more especially the veteran companies first formed by Gen. Hunter, did admirably. Whatever mistakes were made were those of the white officers, and these mistakes were of distances required in the various evolutions, for which the captains can alone be held responsible. It is impossible to conceive any higher aptitude for receiving military instruction than these negroes exhibit. Their changes in front, formation in square, and preparation to charge in double column, were executed with an harmonious rapidity and precision scarcely to be surpassed by any regiment in the command, although more than one-half the men have not been under a month's instruction. When they were formed in square Gen. Hunter entered, on the invitation of Col. Higginson, and was received with enthusiastic cheers. The General uncovered, and speaking with that terse force always to be noticed in silent men who seldom throw away words, said:

MEN: I am glad to be in the midst of you—glad to have seen so fine an exhibition of proficiency as you have shown this day. I only wish there were 100,000 of you to fight for the freedom of the Union. I see no reason why you should not make as good soldiers as any in the world, and I trust that on all occasions you will be found willing to do your whole duty. I am sure that you are all ready to fight for [illegible] will not fight for their [illegible] and will always continue enslaved. I shall do my utmost to look after your comfort, and to see that you are properly paid, fed and clothed. I wish you good day. I hope hereafter to meet you when you have earned distinction for yourselves.

Proceedings of Congress.

The proceedings of Congress during the past week are for the most part such as do not require record in these columns. The Senate has passed Mr. Sumner's bill to suspend the sale of confiscated lands in South Carolina and Georgia. The House has passed the Finance bill, in a shape satisfactory, on the whole, to the Secretary of the Treasury. On Monday, Mr. Stevens (Rep., Pa.) reported a bill authorizing the President to raise and equip one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of African descent. By request of Mr. Stevens its consideration was deferred till next day, when he offered a substitute, authorizing President Lincoln to enroll, arm and equip, in the land and naval service, such number of volunteers of African descent as he may deem useful to suppress the present rebellion, and for such terms as he may prescribe, not exceeding seven years, etc. Mr. Hickman (Rep., Pa.) offered a substitute, authorizing President Lincoln to raise not exceeding three hundred regiments of persons of African descent, or colored persons, to be uniformed, armed and equipped as he may direct, for the term of seven years, if not sooner discharged; and proposing to establish a line of steamers for the deportation of freed persons of color to Liberia.

In the House on the 21st, Mr. Harding of Kentucky made a speech denunciatory of the Emancipation policy of the Administration. He said: The Abolition creed was short but full of horror and blood. The Secessionists furnished the fire and the Abolitionists the fuel to kindle the conflagration now sweeping through the land. Withdraw the fuel, and the fire would soon burn out. He had no hope of reunion under the present radical policy. The Democratic party of the North and South would crush out both Abolitionists and Secessionists, and snatch the government from ruin. [Mr. Harding's metaphor does not strike us as a happy one. *The Tribune* well says: "Every man who owns a house may in the same sense be said to furnish fuel which is exceedingly tempting to the man of lucifer matches and felony; but we have never heard this offered to prove investments in houses to be criminal. Every man with a pocket-book leads light fingers into temptation; but this supplies no argument against carrying a convenient amount of cash upon the person for lawful occasions. The chances for wrong-doing are afforded by the very virtues of society."]

On Tuesday, in the House, Mr. Conway of Kansas made a very able speech, which, according to a dispatch in *The Times*, "was listened to with marked attention, and elicited general praise for its ability and honesty of purpose, if not for its popularity of sentiment. The speaker took the ground that the war had now become an element of reaction, and that its tendency was to bring into power a Democratic fusion party, pledged to a restoration of the Union on terms satisfactory to the South. He thought that force had spent itself, and that the dispute must be settled by compromise or separation. He was in favor of separation, on the idea that reunion would ultimately follow on an anti-slavery basis."

In the Senate on Tuesday, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to organize the militia of the United States. It provides for a volunteer force in the several States, to be called the National Guard of the United States, and to consist of two hundred regiments of twelve companies, each company of one hundred men, divided among the States *pro rata*. Enlistments can embrace men between the ages of 21 and 35 years. Any part of this force may be ordered into the service of the United States by the President, during any war of invasion or rebellion.

SCENE IN THE SENATE.

In the Senate on Tuesday, in the midst of a debate upon the bill for the indemnification of the President and other persons for suspending the privileges of the writ of *habeas corpus* and acts done in pursuance thereof—

Mr. Saulsbury (Dem., Del.) made a long speech, and was called to order several times in the course thereof. Finally, when censuring the course of the President of the United States, calling him an imbecile, and calling him by name, the Vice President called him to order, and requested the Senator to take his seat.

Mr. Saulsbury continuing his remarks,

The Vice-President said if the Senator did not take his seat, he should order the Sergeant-at-Arms to take him in charge.

Mr. Saulsbury—Then the voice of freedom is not allowed in the American Senate.

The Vice-President—The Sergeant-at-Arms will take the Senator in custody.

Mr. Saulsbury was thereupon taken out of the Senate, displaying a revolver which he took from his coat pocket. After a short time Mr. Saulsbury came to the Senate again and began to speak.

Mr. Doolittle called him to order on the ground that he had been called to order for contempt of the Senate, and could not be allowed to go on without leave of the Senate.

Mr. Saulsbury—Does the Senator from Wisconsin say that I am in the contempt of any honorable man?

The Chair (Mr. Clark)—The Senator from Delaware will take his seat, as he is out of order.

Mr. Saulsbury—Just as I please, or otherwise.

Cries of "Order."

The Chair—The Senator will take his seat, and the Sergeant-at-Arms will take him in custody.

After further discussion, Mr. Saulsbury attempted to speak.

The Chair—The Senator will take his seat.

Mr. Saulsbury—No, sir!

Mr. Sumner rose to the question of order, that the Senator from Delaware had been committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and he saw him on the floor.

The Chair said the Senator was in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and if he made further disturbance would be removed from the Senate.

Mr. Saulsbury took his seat, shaking his fists and swearing at the Sergeant-at-Arms and Mr. Sumner.

AN APPEAL TO THE READERS OF THE STANDARD.

Our readers all know, personally or by repute, Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, of Ohio, and most of them are probably aware that, some time since, she went to South Carolina, to assist, as way might open, in the care and instruction of the Freedmen. Her experience as a housewife, her acknowledged literary ability, and her ardent devotion to every good cause, commended her to all her acquaintances as an eminently suitable person for the work which there needs to be done. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that, upon the recommendation of Prof. Zachos, General Superintendent, Gen. Saxton has appointed her as Superintendent of the plantations, six in number, on Paris Island. This island, at its upper end, is six miles from Beaufort, and at its lower extremity six miles from Hilton Head. Mrs. Gage's son is the only white person with her. There are on the island three hundred and fifty men, women and children. In a private letter she says: "They are the lowest and saddest conditioned people I have found." On account of their isolated condition they have not received so much attention as others who are more favorably situated, and their wants are very pressing." Mrs. Gage says: "Can you not, through your good wife and lady friends, send me a box of goods? Among the articles needed are thread (linen, black and white), cotton spools of the coarser numbers, cast-aside children's clothes (if not too much worn), old dresses, men's coats, and other garments, etc. If your friends can help this poor people to life and hope, I think they will do themselves a great good."

We propose to do what we can in response to this appeal among our personal friends in this city, and we ask our readers, many of whom know Mrs. Gage, to give us their aid.

Packages (the sender paying express charges) may be directed to Oliver Johnson, Anti-Slavery Rooms, 48 Beekman street, New York.

The Editor of THE STANDARD has received, in response to the above appeal, a box of clothing from Mary W. Post and Phebe W. Titus, North Hempstead, L. I.; a bundle from Sarah Mann, New York; and the following sums of money:

Pupils of Lizzie Powell's School, Ghent, Col. Co.,			$1 50
Elizabeth Morgan, Harrisburg, O.,			
Martha Erwin,	"	"	1 00
Mary L. Gilbert,	"	"	1 00
Hannah L. Brooke,	"	"	1 00
Elizabeth Brooke,	"	"	1 00
Abraham Brooke,	"	"	1 00
Wm. Brooke,	"	"	1 00
Marsh Hicklen,	"	"	1 00
Stephen Mendenhall,	"	"	25

PIERPONT'S ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS.—Nineteen years ago the undersigned published, in Boston, an edition of "The Anti-Slavery Poems of John Pierpont." It is entirely out of print, and I do not know where to find a single copy. A grandchild of the author is exceedingly anxious to possess a copy, and if any reader of THE STANDARD has one that he will consent to spare, he will confer a great favor upon me and do an act of kindness to the person above alluded to by sending it to this office. I will most willingly pay a reasonable price for it. Address OLIVER JOHNSON,
Anti-Slavery Office, New York.

U. S. SENATORS.—We record the election of three more U. S. Senators, as follows: *Ohio*—Benjamin F. Wade, Republican, reëlected. *Wisconsin*—James R. Doolittle, Republican, reëlected. *West Virginia*—Lemuel J. Bowden, Administration of course.

THE BOSTON JUBILEE CONCERT netted the sum of $550, which was handed over to the treasurer of the Educational Commission for the benefit of freed slaves.

Summary.

Old Dr. Beecher once prayed: "O Lord, we pray Thee that we may not despise our rulers; and, O Lord, we further pray that they may not behave so that we cannot help it!" There is great need of this prayer in these times.

EMIGRATION TO HAYTI.—The President has closed the contract proposed some time ago by M. Bernard Kock, for the voluntary colonization of negroes on the Haytien island, A'Vache. M. Kock has a lease of the island for the term of twenty years. The contract is for the colonization of 5,000 persons at a cost of $50 each.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

In the "Democratic" caucus in the Illinois Legislature, the other day, one of the speakers "declared that, in the event of the President refusing to withdraw his late proclamation, he was in favor of marching an army to Washington and hurling the officers of the present Administration from their positions! He thought it would not take much force to do it."

"INTRODUCING" THE PROCLAMATION.—Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, in behalf of parties in that State, has caused editions of the President's proclamation, in tiny book form and with attractive covers, to be issued, and has had packages of them franked to various officers in the service from Massachusetts, requesting them to undertake to introduce the proclamation amongst the slaves wherever opportunity offers.—*Washington Star.*

The negro being, according to the doctrine of the Administration, "an American citizen," the Detroit *Free Press* is anxiously discussing his eligibility to the Presidency. *The Free Press* may calm itself. Eligibility and possibility are two very different things. A natural born fool may be a "citizen" within the meaning of the Constitution, and *The Free Press* editor is very likely "eligible" to the office of President; but there is no danger of his being elected.

EMANCIPATION DENOUNCED.—The Democrats of the Illinois Legislature have adopted a resolution denouncing the Emancipation proclamation "as a gigantic usurpation" and tending to a revolution in Southern society, the consequences of which "cannot be contemplated without the most dismal forebodings of horror and dismay." And yet, these same people insist that the proclamation amounts to nothing at all—is merely a "Pope's bull against the comet," etc.

IMPOLITENESS IN CHURCH.—A gentleman with rather a seedy overcoat on, some time ago attended a funeral in the fashionable Grace Church, New York city. He took a prominent seat, but the ceremonious sexton sent him off to a free pew near the door. A pompous little Lieutenant, wearing an elegant new uniform, was graciously shown to the eligible seat. On the congregation rising at the singing of a hymn, the seedy overcoat was partially removed, displaying the starred shoulder-straps of a Major-General. Urgent civilities were pressed on the distinguished officer—prayer-books, offers of a better seat, etc., but Gen. Banks quietly declined these flunkey attentions, and concluded his devotions in the free pew near the door, having egregiously mistaken Grace Church for a Christian institution, in the character of some of its frequenters.

JUBILEE IN CONCORD.—On the morning of January 1st the bells were rung in this city in honor of the President's proclamation of freedom to the slaves. At noon the bells were again rung and fifty guns fired in the State House Yard. In the evening the doors of Mr. Nathaniel White's house were thrown open and all friends of the proclamation were invited. Mrs. White had her house beautifully decorated with evergreen, and a large number of appropriate mottoes. There were some exercises in the evening, such as the singing of patriotic songs and the reading of patriotic poetry. These three mottoes were in front of the house fastened upon the Stars and Stripes, which was neatly festooned near the balustrade—"All men were created free and equal, July 4, 1776," "Unconditional Emancipation the right of the Slave, Jan. 1, 1831," "This day Liberty is proclaimed to the captive, Jan. 1, 1863."—*Concord (N. H.) Ind. Dem.*

COCHIN'S WORK.—Mr. Wise, of the firm of Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, has been here for some days, and has had personal interviews with President Lincoln and numerous prominent men, to whom he has presented copies of the edition of Cochin's "Results of Emancipation," translated from the French, just published by his house. This work is already regarded as standard authority on the great question of the day, and large numbers of copies have been ordered by the Departments, and at the Capitol, as works of reference. It has even been proposed to have an edition published for general distribution, so important is the information which could thus be sent over the land. In the Border States, especially, there is a great want of information on this subject, and the circulation of Monsieur Cochin's work could not be highly beneficial.—*Perley, Washington Correspondent of The Boston Journal.*

SLAVES ASSERTING THEIR FREEDOM.—Large numbers of the slaves in the lower Counties of Maryland, since the Christmas holidays, have refused to go to work for their masters unless they are paid wages for their labor, alleging that they became free on the 1st of January by the proclamation of Emancipation. The masters are afraid to employ force, lest thereby they incur the vengeance of the "chattels," and drive them into acts of violence, for which, it is said, the negroes are fully prepared. Some of the slaveholders, in order to settle the matter amicably, and "preserve peace" in the family, have agreed to pay their slaves wages; others, however, have refused, and their negroes are escaping in quantities. Two years ago the ringleaders in a movement of this kind would have been seized and hung without process of law. Now, the slaves are ready to meet the responsibility of their acts, and to defend themselves.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

FOUL BIRDS INDEED.—The foulest of all birds are said to be those that befoul their own nests, and of this sort are the men who defile the very homes in which they were born and the parents by whom they were reared. Whoever heard an Irishman abuse "Auld Ireland," or a Scotchman his beloved Scotia, or a Frenchman his beautiful France? All these take a pride in the glories of their native land, and whenever the conduct of its rulers or people might be of a nature to bring a blush to their cheeks, would scorn to deride it in the presence of strangers. It is only your renegade Yankee—such men as your Brookses, your Coxes, and your editors of *The World* who delight in flinging mud and filth at the place of their birth. The Richmond *Dispatch* is right when it says that it would not have such mean-spirited fellows for slaves. There is scarcely a slave who is not intrinsically more respectable.—*Eve. Post.*

HOW WE RECEIVED IT.—We doubt if Oberlin ever felt more genuinely happy than on Friday evening on the reception of the proclamation. When the first paper arrived from the train in the evening, the crowd on the streets turned to the chapel, and without previous understanding or announcement, almost as if by magic, a large audience were gathered to hear the words of freedom read. Our venerable Father Keep gracefully assumed the chair, and—not at all intrusively—took charge of the meeting. At his request the proclamation was read by J. M. Langston, Esq., the audience seated. Then all rose to their feet, and, in the ringing tones of Mr. L., it was again read. After this, his voice trembling with emotion, Prof. Cowles led in most appropriate words of thanksgiving and prayer. Then, without speech or comment, Father Keep declared the meeting adjourned. During the evening rockets were fired, a bonfire lighted, and salutes fired. The colored people formed in procession and marched to the residence of Mr. Langston, who addressed them briefly in words pertinent to the hour.—*Oberlin News.*

A NEW IDEA—OLD CLOOTIE CROWDED OUT.—Among the patients in the General Hospital is a secesh soldier. He was very sick when first brought here, but is now doing better. He is a crabbed customer. Now that he is recovering, his surliness begins to show itself in a manner that his comrades don't care about putting up with—at any rate, from a secesh.

In the same ward with him is a Union soldier—an adopted citizen, from the land of kraut. Yesterday morning the Union German said something to secesh. Secesh vouchsafed only in reply,

"Go to ——."

"Ho ya?"

Secesh repeated his remark.

The German was not at all exasperated. "Ah!" said he, "mine frien', you ish too kind. I cannot go to dat place."

"Why not?"

"It ish now full. It ish very crowded dere. Sigel he fill it up mit dead rebels. Even der tuyfel has to shleep out o' doors."

The laugh came in here from the boys who were lounging around. Secesh had nothing more to say.—*Philadelphia North American.*

GEN. CAMERON AND THE NEGRO.—Arriving at a small German town on the evening of Whitsuntide—which is a famous and favorite holiday with the Lutherans—he was struck with the decent and comfortable appearance of the people who crowded the streets, but what most interested him was a tall, stout, and impressive negro, far blacker than Othello, even before he was represented as a highly colored gentleman. Supposing him to be an American negro, Mr. Cameron went up to him and said: "How are you, my friend!"—using the Pennsylvania German, in which the General is a sort of adept—when to his infinite horror, the colored individual turned upon him and said, in good guttural Dutch, "I am no American; I am an African; and if you are an American, I do not want to talk to you. I won't talk to any man who comes from a country professing to be free, in which human beings are held as slaves." And this was said with a magisterial and indignant air that would have been irresistibly severe, if it had not been irresistibly comic.—*Washington Chronicle.*

WHITE LABORERS IN THE SOUTH.—The notion that white men cannot labor in the South has been upset during this war, along with a great many other popular prejudices. Unacclimated whites have withstood the worst climatic influences of South Carolina and the Gulf, and have freely labored in the open air. The heavy work on the levee in New Orleans has always been done by white laborers. In a recent speech in New Orleans Col. T. B. Thorpe, the city surveyor, said he had hundreds of white men working for his department during four of the hottest months of an unprecedentedly hot Summer, on the burning levee, and in the ditches, and draining canals in the rear of the city, up to their waists in mud and water, and yet they continued well and healthy—had no more sickness than others who were not so exposed. He saw no reason why the poor man might not cultivate a few acres, raise his bale or two of cotton, or a few hogsheads of sugar, as easily as the farmers of the North and West their corn and potatoes. It was certainly just as easy to raise cotton or sugar, and not more unhealthy, than working on the levee or in the ditches of the city.

PEONAGE AND SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.—The annual message of Gov. Arny of New Mexico shows that the Territory is out of debt, with a balance of sixteen hundred dollars in the treasury. The Governor devotes a large part of his message to the question of peonage, commenting upon the territorial law, which makes hired laborers on the farm responsible in their services for any advances of money or goods to the laborer. Formerly the peon son was obliged to pay the debts of his peon father by service, if he could not do it otherwise. The law not only obliges the peon who owes the service to perform it. This the Governor thinks wrong, and recommends that the legislature put such a debt upon the footing of other debts. New Mexico has its slavery question in the cases of some six hundred Indian captives, who are held as slaves. These are so held under an old custom of the Mexicans. The Governor sees difficulties in emancipating them or turning them loose, but still advises that their owners be compensated by the United States, and that the Indians be returned to friendly tribes, when they belong to such tribes, and when not, be disposed of as Congress in its wisdom may think best.—*Eve. Post.*

THE THANKSGIVING OF THE SERFS.—The emancipated peasants of Russia recently appointed delegates from all the districts of the government of Moscow to convey their thanks to the Emperor Alexander for his decree of emancipation. During his visit to Moscow the Emperor received this deputation, who delivered to him the following letter:

"Imperial Majesty, very gracious sovereign liberator! What thou hast done for us, thy faithful subjects, is above all praise and all gratitude. May the Lord, who contemplates from above thy reign, so rich in glorious works, assist thee in increasing them day by day, for thy greater glory and that of our dear country. Such, great Emperor, are the wishes which we venture to express in presenting to thee bread and salt. At the same time, and as belonging to a class laden with thy benefits, we give thee, O our father, in the name of all our companions, the promise that we will express our gratitude for thy constant solicitude, by carrying out as best we can thy wise and beneficent desires, by faithfully discharging the imposts which fall upon us, or which will be ultimately decreed, and by laboring with a common and amicable understanding in the amelioration of our lot. Imperial Majesty! we are thy very faithful subjects, and the representatives of the peasants temporarily subject to the government of Moscow." (Here follow the signatures.)

A POSER.—How could we have supposed that we had a subscriber, living in the Highlands of the Hudson, who would give us such an overhauling as is found in the following letter? It reads, to a dot, as here given, with the exception of the date and the writer's name, which, for his sake, we omit:

"Pleas Discontinue Sending the examiner to me I like your paper exceedingly well with the exception of the pollitical principals you advocate the abollishion of slavery that is you Support old Lincolns insane procklamation and the abolesinost I cannot Support Because I Believe them to be wrong in every particular they have Been the cause of bringing on this Bloody war for they have agetated the question for years not content to leave it withe intelegent People to dispose of it as they Saw fit But they was determined to do it at all hazards and See now the consquinces of their wicked pollacy our once happy prosperous country now Drenched in our Brothers Blood and now you say to the negro you are free now rise in your might and power and cut innocent weomin and childrens throats lincoln says as much and you support him understand me that I Dont Say the Southern People are not to blame in trying to Break up this glourious union although they have Been Drove and provoked By the party that is now in power But they must Be Put Down and the northern abolishinost with them. yours truly"
—*N. Y. Examiner.*

NEGROPHOBIA IN INDIANA.—The Indianapolis correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* says: There is a disposition on the part of a majority of both houses of the Legislature to adopt strict measures for the removal of free negroes from this State. Republicans and Democrats come nearer to being united on this than on any other apparently political question before the General Assembly. The 13th article of the Constitution of the State is so explicit on this subject that to provide for its execution will be to accomplish all that is necessary in the premises. A majority of the people of Indiana are decidedly opposed to the introduction of emancipated negroes into their cities, towns and villages, and from all parts of the State the cry comes up against it. In many towns along the southern border of the State, a great many contrabands from Tennessee, Kentucky and Mississippi are represented to be in a very pitiable condition, bordering on starvation. Farmers will not employ them while they can secure white laborers, on the ground that they are too ignorant and too indolent to work. In the meantime, Cuffe is risking every thing in his efforts to reach the Utopia which he vainly supposes longs for his arrival, north of Mason and Dixon's line. The great expectations of thousands of "God's own image carved in ebony," will be forever denied a happy realization by the Indiana Legislature this Winter. Like poor Toughey in "Bleak House," Sambo will be told to keep moving on, because he "knows nothink" and "never done nothink."

PERSECUTION IN IOWA.—A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from Desmoines, Iowa, January 20, says: Archie P. Webb, a fugitive slave from a rebel master in Arkansas, was taken into custody to-day by the Sheriff of this County and taken before a Justice of the Peace in Delaware County, on the sole charge of being a free negro, and therefore not entitled to the privilege of residence in this State. The arrest was made under the provisions of an act passed by a Democratic Legislature in 1851, and which was intended to be an imitation of the black law of Ohio, only more arbitrary and barbarous. The act, however, became a nullity by reason of defective publication, and no man until now ever dared attempt to enforce its provisions. The tories of this County in their phrenzy that loyal slaves should dare to run away from treasonable masters, determined that the fugitives should not settle in this State, and therefore have taken the responsibility of commencing operations under the act of 1851. Upon this particular flaw the fugitive Archie might have been discharged by pleading that he was a slave, but he boldly answered that he was a freeman, and was consequently ordered again into the custody of the Sheriff, and committed to jail in this city. A writ of *habeas corpus* has been applied for before Judge Gray of the District Court, and to-morrow it will be known whether free citizens can be expelled from the State, or imprisoned, for no other crime than that of possessing a black skin. The Township Trustee who issued the notification to leave, the Justice before whom the prisoner was brought, and the Sheriff who made the arrest, are all, of course, members of the Tory party, and stimulated to their official action by as shameless a lot of political scoundrels as ever disgraced a free State. The leaders and the followers in this heartless persecution of a poor colored boy, who was trying to earn his bread in honest industry, will be made to bitterly lament the part they have acted. Thank God Iowa is not yet an appendage of the Southern Confederacy.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

CHEERLY, OR THE ANTIDOTE TO ANTIETAM.

Of all things that justly pain mortals,
The hardship and sorrow and care
Down here in Eternity's portal,—
There's nothing so sad as despair.
Oh, shun it on land, dearest brothers,
Nor trying it first;
Bad enough, to be sure, are the others,
But this is the worst!

Chorus: Then cheerly, oh sisters and brothers;
Although to the last from the first
We are fettered and met by the others,
We can keep ourselves clear of the worst!

'Tis hard for the castaway sailor,
While gasping and straining he swims,
And the sea all around is his jailor,
But more as it darkens his limbs,
Hides his face in the ocean's white pillow,
And struggles no more,
When it is but the last ridge of billow,
That hideth the shore.

Chorus: Then cheerly! No wet is my pillow!
If baffled, we'll struggle the more;
For it may be, 'tis but the last billow
That hideth the sunshiny shore.

The champion's long fight, it is dreary,
'Mid comrades both dying and dead,
With the foe in his front never weary,
And his sash ever growing more red;
But 'tis the harder, the bark of a coward
To turn on his post,
And face the rescue rushing toward
The field that he lost.

Chorus: —Then cheerly! The barks of no cowards
We'll turn on our glorious post!
Troops of angels e'en now may rush towards
Our field, that shall never be lost!

E. Foxton.

ANTHONY BURNS AND THE SUBTERRANEAN RAILROAD.

From The Commonwealth.

Three or four years ago, I met, in a stage near Boston, a gentleman from Ohio. When I entered, he was talking with another gentleman concerning Oberlin College. He expressed great satisfaction that women among the students had been found deserving of the highest parts in the exercises on Commencement Day. This naturally interested me, being myself one of the "weaker vessels." After some conversation on the subject of bestowing equal education on men and women, I said, "Oberlin has also the honor of rising above prejudice on the subject of complexion. I hope you sympathize with the institution in *that* respect also." He replied, with much animation, "Certainly I do. You have heard of Anthony Burns?" "That question sounds strange," I rejoined, "for my heart almost burst with indignation, and I shed hot tears over the disgrace of old Massachusetts, when Anthony Burns was surrendered to our slave-driving masters. I knew he was at Oberlin, and I regretted it, because he was considered rather stupid. Since he had been made so conspicuous by circumstances, and was helped to obtain an education, I was sorry he was not one of the brightest specimens of his race."

"The teachers at Oberlin thought the same," he replied. "At first, some doubted whether anything could be made of him; but the change that came over him in a short time was one of the most wonderful things I ever witnessed. When it fairly dawned upon him that he *could* learn to read, his zeal to improve was unbounded. He was at his books the whole time, and his capacity for learning developed more and more. The whole manner of the man was altered; and the expression of his countenance changed so much, that in less than a year nobody would have recognized in him the half-stultified wretch, for whose reenslavement the enlightened city of Boston raised a chivalrous army. I do not mean to represent him as possessing a remarkable degree of intellect. Nature did not make him a Frederick Douglass. But his mental endowments are very respectable, and the rapidity of his improvement has been wonderful."

After expressing my satisfaction at hearing this account, I said, "You come from the vicinity of the Subterranean Railroad; do you know anything about it?"

He smiled significantly, as he replied, "I *ought* to know something about it, having sometimes officiated as one of the Conductors."

I inquired whether business in that line was very active at Oberlin.

"Not at present," said he. "A large number of the inhabitants of Oberlin had firmly resolved that under no circumstances whatsoever should a human being ever be carried back into slavery from their town; and they had carried out their resolution in a variety of ingenious ways, on divers occasions. This became so notorious that the slaveholders were peculiarly exasperated against us. Such insubordination on the part of their Northern vassals was a thing not to be borne by the haughty chivalry. It was a pet project of theirs to compel Oberlin into submission to the Fugitive Slave law. In Cleveland, not far distant, there was a strong pro-slavery party, ever ready to assist slaveholders in their desired humiliation of Ohio; and many were the ways they contrived to obstruct the cars on our Subterranean Railroad. The last attempt of masters to recapture slaves who had found their way to Oberlin was rather a curious adventure. Three families of slaves, consisting of men, women and children, twelve in number, arrived one evening. It was a large number to hide, but we distributed them in safe places. Soon after daylight, fifteen Kentuckians arrived, armed with bowie-knives and revolvers. They had come in hot haste, having, as they said, traced into Oberlin three families of slaves, who had escaped from their neighborhood. They swore worse than the army in Flanders, and repeated, with great exultation, 'You're resolved that no slave shall ever be carried back from Oberlin; but we've got you *now*. We know the niggers are *here*, and have 'em we *will*. You can't trick us *this* time, d—n you!' We kept our own counsel concerning the slaves; and in answer to their vociferous threats, we calmly told them that we should do *them* no violence, but if they drove us to self-defence they would find us men who would not *submit* to violence. This stopped the brandishment of pistols, while it increased the volley of oaths. They made inquiries in every direction, without obtaining much light. They resolved to post sentinels in various places, and keep watch upon all the movements of those who were known to be most friendly to slaves. They procured pro-slavery reenforcements, and kept guard night and day, for three days and three nights. It began to be a serious question how the slaves could be got safely out of Oberlin, on their way to Canada. It was finally agreed that they should be brought together in the night into a thick wood, where they were to hide themselves. Upon the sound of a preconcerted signal they were to come out and be received into a large emigrant-waggon in readiness for them. Luckily, we took the precaution of sending scouts to the woods early in the night, to see that the coast was clear. They found the Kentuckians and their comrades assembled near the place where the waggon was to be brought. How they had got a clue to our plan we have never discovered to this day. Of course, haste was made to warn their victims, and the slaveholders waited at their post in vain. Our next move was to take them in an emigrant waggon, at night, from the house of an Abolitionist in the suburbs of the town."

"I should think that would have been a very hazardous experiment," said I.

"It was so," he replied, "but circumstances were desperate, and we did the best we could. We stowed the black folks into the waggon, without seeing anybody prowling round us on the watch. A white man was seated in front, as driver, and he started the horses at their usual pace, to avoid the appearance of being in a hurry. They had not travelled far, before they heard the sharp click of a horse's hoofs behind. It proved to be a man on horseback, who soon came alongside, and entered into conversation with the driver. After speaking of the beauty of the moonlight evening, he remarked upon the size of the waggon and the strength of the horses, evidently accustomed to draught. 'Yes,' said the driver, 'the waggon is used to carry heavy loads of produce to market.' 'So you are going to market,' observed the rider; and ever and anon, while he talked, he bent forward, as if to adjust his bridle, casting furtive glances into the waggon as he did so. Several times the driver touched the whip to his horses in order to go ahead; but each time the mysterious rider quickened the pace of his horse also, and kept alongside, occasionally casting inquisitive glances into the waggon. At last, he bade the driver good evening and galloped off. Some time after his departure, the posse of Kentuckians, accompanied by a sheriff and his attendants, came riding toward the waggon. They stopped the horses with a jerk, and, with a volley of curses, called out, 'We know what market you're going to. You've got a lot o' niggers. But we'll spoil your sport. You haven't tricked us *this* time. You won't carry off any *more* niggers from Oberlin; damn you.' They pulled the black folks out of the waggon, and while the women stood trembling and crying, and the men looked on the ground, disheartened, they knocked off their old hats and pushed up their faces to the moonlight, exclaiming, 'That's my Jim!' 'That's my Sal! I could swear to *her* anywhere.' After amusing themselves in this way for a time, they shoved them all back into the waggon, and escorted it into Cleveland. There they were all lodged in jail. The Kentuckians, having repeated their readiness to swear to the identity of their respective Jims, Sals and Dinahs, requested, as a particular favor, that the trial might come on early, lest the tidings should be conveyed to Oberlin, and a rescue attempted. The authorities, ever ready to help any Southern brother who wanted a 'nigger to wallop,' agreed to try the case as early as nine in the morning. As for the niggers, nobody bestowed a thought upon *their* feelings. They considered themselves lucky to be allowed a pail of water to drink from before they were locked up. The slaveholders, uneasy about a rescue, were at the jail in prime good season. As they entered, they heard laughter and snatches of negro songs. Turning to the jailor, they said, 'Hear the niggers laughing and singing! The lying Abolitionists make folks believe they dread to go back to their masters. That *sounds* like it, don't it?' The door was unlocked to bring forth the prisoners; and out walked a company of white people! They had been black the night before, but the color, not being skin-deep, was easily washed off. The waggon was a decoy; and while the slaveholders were occupied with watching it and following it, the real slaves had been carried off in another direction, and were safely landed in Canada. There was some talk about bringing an action against the slaveholders for stopping a team on the highway and abusing the inmates; but they contented themselves with saying, 'So, we didn't get any *more* slaves out of Oberlin, *did* we? So, we haven't tricked you *this* time, *have* we?' To which the slaveholders replied after the manner of the army in Flanders."

I was very much amused by this story, and remarked to the narrator that it showed how much the oaths of slaveholders were worth in such cases.

"Yes, that it does," he replied; "for they were all ready to swear to the identity of Jim and Sal, both by moonlight and lamplight. Since that time, there has been no attempt to search Oberlin for fugitives. The slaveholders seem to have given it up as a bad job."

L. Maria Child.

BOSTON HYMN.*

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the sea-side,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said,—I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel,—his name is Freedom,—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,
When he has wrought his best.

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest,
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest-field,
Hireling, and him that hires.

And here in a pine state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In church, and state, and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea,
And make just laws below the sun,
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
So much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying his hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long,—
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

—*Atlantic Monthly, for February.*

*Read at the great Jubilee Concert, in Music Hall, Boston, Jan. 1st.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

Lately, in our leisure readings, we found a piece of eloquent English, which we here copy:

"These communities (the thirteen colonies), by their representatives in old Independence Hall, said to the world of men: '*We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are born equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.*' This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their lofty, and wise, and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to his creatures. Yes, gentlemen, *to all his creatures, to the whole great family of man.* In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into the world *to be trodden on, and degraded, and imbruted by its fellows.* They grasped not only the race of men then living, but they reached forward, and seized upon the furthest posterity. They created a beacon to guide their children, and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen, as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants; and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when, in the distant future, *some man, some faction, some interest*, should set up the doctrine that none but *rich men*, or none but *white men*, or none but *Anglo-Saxon white men*, were entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, their *posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence, and take courage* TO RENEW THE BATTLE *which their fathers began,—so that* TRUTH *and* JUSTICE, *and* MERCY, *and all the* HUMANE AND CHRISTIAN VIRTUES, *might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter* DARE TO LIMIT AND CIRCUMSCRIBE *the great principles on which the Temple of Liberty was being built.*"

These words were spoken by a man who was born in poverty; whose youth was denied the helpful privilege of education; whose early manhood was spent in the severe task of clearing new land; who, by the sweat of his brow, gave to labor its honorable crown; and who, having neither riches, nor learning, nor position, but having simply the qualities of a noble Man—learned thus to value men for their simple manhood; to believe in equality, because, standing low himself, it was a doctrine that lifted him to a rightful level with the high; to believe in liberty, because he felt within his own breast that this was God's law for the progress of mankind.

The same pen, at a later day, wrote a shorter passage of equal eloquence, and which will never die out of the English tongue, or out of the history of the world. It stands as follows:

"I do order and declare that ALL PERSONS HELD AS SLAVES within said designated States and parts of States, ARE, AND HENCEFORWARD SHALL BE, FREE!

* * * * * * * *

"And, upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

The first passage which we quoted was from an argument in which Abraham Lincoln some years ago vanquished Stephen A. Douglas; the second, (need we mention its source?) is from that last great argument with which he is finally to conquer the slaveholder's rebellion.—*Independent.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY KATE CARLISLE.

Bonnie little rippling, gold-brown tress,
Unconscious as thou art,
Thou pour'st sweet waves of tenderness
Over my lonely heart;
For oh! thy sister tresses gleam
Above a fairer brow
Than e'er through Grecian sculptor's dream
Hath flashed its moulded snow!
Ah! lovely waves of bronze and gold,
Whose beauty haunts my dreams!
Shall ye be blent with hues more cold—
Be crossed with silver gleams?
My plainer brown will fade, I know—
Time blanch these locks of mine—
But, loveliest head! Time's envious snow
Should never fall on thine!
My darling one! How sorrow's shade
Hath dimmed thine early day!
What storms of wildest woe have made
A Winter of thy May!
My beautiful! Though woe and care
May pale the gold for thee,
The gleaming of thy rippling hair
Will aye be fair to me!

ANTI-SLAVERY ENGLAND.

RESPONSES TO MRS. STOWE'S ADDRESS.

[Mrs. Stowe's Reply (lately printed in The Atlantic Monthly) to the Address of the Women of Great Britain to their Sisters in America (transmitted through her, some eight years since), having been reproduced in British newspapers and widely circulated in pamphlet form, is exerting a powerful influence upon the minds of the British people. The following extracts from two London journals will be read with interest on this side the water.]

From The London Dial.

A voice comes to us from America which we are sure will not speak in vain. The pen which, in the glowing pages of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," awoke the sympathies of the British nation to the fate of the humble American slave, has again found expression in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." This time it is not the conscience of her countrymen and countrywomen which Mrs. Stowe seeks to arouse to a healthy activity. No; for, as she truly says, the great anti-slavery work which they were called upon to perform "is almost done." One by one the strongholds of slavery are being demolished; and the hour of liberation to the captive millions is drawing nigh. Shameful to say, it is to Great Britain that her words of counsel and exhortation—of mild but still burning reproach, are addressed. Who would have thought it possible that so great a change would come over the spirit of our dream! Who could have imagined that many among those whose hearts were melted into tenderness by Mrs. Stowe's immortal story would now express sympathy with the slave-driver, and turn with cold disdain from the victims of so much misery and oppression? Yet so it is; and it is well that the truth should be told us by one who, more than any other woman of her time, has earned the right to deal faithfully with us when we avow sympathy with the lordly tyrant, and despise the slave.

More than eight years ago Mrs. Stowe was made the medium of presenting to the women of America an address from their English sisters, which alluded in solemn and earnest language to the iniquities of slavery, and urged upon them, as wives, as mothers, and as sisters, to aid in "the removal of this affliction and disgrace of the Christian world." The address itself emanated from the pen of Lord Shaftesbury. It was headed by such names as the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Palmerston, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Shaftesbury. Many thousands of Englishwomen, belonging to all ranks of society down to the humblest in the land, attached their signatures to this noble document. No formal answer has been returned till now. A reply has, however, been given in eight years of constant, self-denying, and successful labor on the part of tens of thousands of women in the free States, who have sought to purge their country of its hideous stain. They have embodied their answer in works—works for which the slave owes them his deepest gratitude, and the world will yet pay them the reverence which is due to exalted worth and heroic fidelity to principle. But Mrs. Stowe, chief among these true "sisters of mercy," thinks that the time has arrived when she should specially address those who entrusted to her their eloquent and timely message to the women of America. Truly the time has arrived! We would fain hope that none of the ladies who signed the address have changed their sentiments—we know, indeed, that some of the highest among them still rank with those who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Still there are many whose minds are confused by the sophistries and falsehoods that have been manufactured on every hand, and who have been induced to wish success to a cause which, if they had understood its real character, they would have regarded with feelings of horror and detestation. But Mrs. Stowe's "reply" is not a merely sentimental address. She pleads with a woman's feeling, but she argues with a logician's mastery of her theme. In sentences brief but pungent she states the whole case between the North and the South. . . . .

Well may Mrs. Stowe, after such a retrospect, turn with sadness to England, which has been so wanting in sympathy to America in her hour of suffering and trial. "The party," she says, "which makes slavery the chief corner-stone of its edifice finds in England its strongest defenders"; and she points to the fitting-out of that notorious pirate, the Alabama, in the port of Liverpool, as one proof of the justice of her statement. With somewhat of a mournful tone she quotes the words of Lord Shaftesbury, uttered at the beginning of the great struggle: "If we were only sure you were fighting for the abolition of slavery, we should not dare to say whither our sympathies for your cause might not carry us." The Federals are now avowedly fighting for the abolition of slavery. No more will Longfellow have to sing:

> "Paul and Silas, in their prison,
> Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
> And an earthquake's arm of might
> Broke their dungeon-gates at night.
>
> "But, alas! what holy angel
> Brings the slave this glad evangel?
> And what earthquake's arm of might
> Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?"

Every cannon-ball fired from a Federal cannon is helping to batter down those dungeon gates and to give life and liberty to the prisoners immured in the house of bondage. But where are the sympathies of many of those who ought to rejoice in the prospect of the slave's deliverance? Certainly not openly expressed, either on the side of the slave or of his liberator. But we can assure Mrs. Stowe that her ideas of the decline of British anti-slavery feeling are far too gloomy. She has mistaken the infamous diatribes of public journals and of public men, who, with here and there an exception, have been ever hostile to the cause of freedom at home as well as abroad, for expressions of English opinion. A greater mistake could not be committed. The diabolic malignity of *The Times*, for example, is not a thing of recent growth. Mrs. Stowe will remember that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" itself did not escape the heartless sneers of this truth-hating journal—that it has always declared emancipation in the West Indies a failure, and shamelessly caricatured and libelled our enfranchised negro fellow-subjects. What it now is it was then—the champion of oppression, the patron of men-stealers, the sworn foe of the colored race. Only on Tuesday last it made the notable discovery that the Bible—the New Testament as well as the Old—not only failed to condemn but gave a tacit sanction to the institution of slavery, and that "a slave who refuses the offer of freedom has a high Scriptural argument for his choice." This is the gloss put by scoffers and unbelievers on Holy Writ; and a scoffer and unbeliever *The Times* will continue to be until its race is run. But Mrs. Stowe does not need to be told that these flagitious sentiments are scouted by the entire nation; that no one would dare to utter them in any assembly in the land; and that the writer, were he known, would have meted out to him a full measure of ignominy and contempt. No; let Mrs. Stowe be assured that the heart of England still beats true to the cause of freedom; that her address will find an echo in hundreds of thousands of English homes: and that the nation to which she appeals will yet discard its false teachers and give to America the sympathy which she has proved her right to claim.

From The Morning Star.

Mrs. Stowe is still under the disagreeable illusion that the English people are in sympathy with the South. Because the husbands of some of the noble ladies who headed the address of eight years since have wounded the sensibilities of the North by unfriendly or indiscreet speeches, Mrs. Stowe supposes that the hearts represented by the half-million of signatures have been perverted to the pro-slavery side. Because only a few friendly voices are distinguished amid the clamor of hostile partisans, she is deaf to the echoes that those voices raise in the heart of the nation. It is a mistake as unjust to us as it is injurious to the common cause. But it is a mistake that Mrs. Stowe's complaint may do much to rectify. Her voice will not be as unheeded now as it was at the commencement of the contest. The events she relates have been watched with grateful interest by tens of thousands of our countrymen. Prayers and thanksgivings have gone up from countless British homes at every fresh step taken by President Lincoln on the glorious path of liberation. The American eagle is seen now wielding the thunders of the genius of emancipation. The negro hymn of freedom is heard going up to heaven in concert with the noise of battle and the wail of suffering. It needed, perhaps, a prophetess to interpret to us some things hard to be understood. But the prophetess has spoken—and let her not doubt the response of the people whose sympathies she claims for "the Union as it was" in the divine intents of its wise and noble founders.

THE NEGRO IN ART.

Two little works of Henry Peters Gray, exhibited at the recent Artists' Reception in this city, elicited the chief comment of the evening. One of these represented the Goddess of Liberty breaking the chains of a Negro Slave, and offering him a sword. The other was the same Goddess, clad in an investiture of stars and stripes, and communicating with an eagle in the background; the whole named somewhat vaguely the Genius of America. The execution of these works, with their faultless drawing and their indescribable charm of color, was beyond criticism. Nor did thoughtful observers withhold the credit due to the courageous moral purpose of the first of these pictures, wherein the artist honorably employed his art to the humane end of lifting up the lowly.

Mr. Gray has deliberately put upon canvas a negro who, in every lineament of his face, shows that he is a true man. No generous observer, looking at that picture, could help saying to himself, "Such a being was never meant to wear chains!" This is a service for which the painter has won our sincerest thanks. We have heretofore complained that too many of our artists were using their art only as a beautiful toy for elegant trifling, rather than for any more worthy end; and certainly the last exhibition by the National Academy, in the general lack which it showed of any high moral aim, justified us in this criticism.

We are glad that a better sentiment is now prevailing among artists. Not that Mr. Gray's example is an absolute novelty. Eastman Johnson long ago painted negroes as men; and John Rogers, choosing, at the risk of starvation, to make his entrance into art through the gate of his own Yankee love of liberty, gave us in plaster the spectacle of a slave-auction which, though it was an exquisite piece of workmanship, no print-seller in Broadway for a long time had the courage to put in his window for exhibition. But we are grateful to Mr. Gray for compelling a fashionable audience, fresh from the parlors of Fifth Avenue, fresh from the most conservative circles of the most fastidious society, to look upon the face of a chained negro, and to say, "Yes, he is a man; set him free." Ten years ago no favorite artist in New York would have risked his reputation by such an attempt as this to assert the rightful freedom of an oppressed race. The President's proclamation (which seems to have suggested one of these pictures) is breaking other chains than the slave's; for we could not help thinking, in looking at this canvas, that while the artist was emancipating that negro, that negro, in return, was emancipating the artist!—*Independent.*

New York, Jan. 21, 1863.

I was hungry and thirsty for it, and last Thursday evening, a little later than usual, it came—the first Artists' Reception of the season! . . . I have no time to tell you of genius in detail. I must pass to the grand feature of the occasion, the most meaningful spirit that presided at the feast and signalized it. Our artists, living as they do—the best of them—above the clash and clamor of partisan jargon, have caught the key-note of victory, and are beginning to build upon it their living hymns. Henry Peters Gray, whose name is familiar to fame, and to you, exhibited two small pictures, very choice in tone and treatment, choicer still in design. One of them, the "Genius of America," with her stars and stripes—the other the "Genius of Freedom," wrenching the shackles from a negro at her feet with one hand, and with the other extending to him the hilt of an unsheathed sword.

In the studios of the sculptors Ward and Rogers, the same chord vibrates again, in the full, round, enduring expression of a grander art. It is no new thing for John Rogers to weave into his work the subtle question of the hour. Among the first and most effective of his efforts is the Slave Market; a soulless auctioneer knocking down to the highest bidder a man, a woman and two children—one an infant, which the mother folds close in mute, foreboding anguish. In the hand-writing upon the face of the man-chattel is foreshadowed all our present struggle. The group has a historic and prophetic value. But the last and best work of this artist—best because it combines a most pleasing artistic effect with the highest significance—is a statuette groupe representing a family of Union refugees—a father, mother and child of the best order of Southerners, driven by a slaveholding oligarchy from their homes, and treading for the first time the uncertain way of the exile. They have walked far, and are weary. They have stopped awhile for rest. In the figure and face of the man, there is stern and noble manhood—will to do and strength to dare. He stands upright, with compressed lips, while his strong thought goes back into the past, compasses the present, scans the future. The womanhood of the wife is in keeping—a fair, fine counterpart, crowning itself by the tender confidence of the attitude. Her head rests upon her husband's bosom, and his arm protects her. The child, essaying a child's sweet ministry, is pressing wild flowers into his mother's hand. It is the masterpiece of the artist thus far. But he has reserve power that promises a greater work than this. Mr. Ward's subject is a more ambitious one, and his ambition should be satisfied, for it is a real triumph of art. Anatomy, fore-shortening, muscular and spirit-action—all combine triumphantly. But its artistic success is its least attraction. It is a moral triumph—the crystalization of an immortal principle! It is the clay model of a powerful negro, half-risen from a crouching position, one hand lifted free from its manacles, the head thrown back, every muscle tensely expectant. It is called the Freedman. His ear has caught the far clarion sound of freedom. He is alive with his whole life. A faint conception of his manhood, his soulhood, has come to him. If this sculptor does nothing more, he is famous.

Foreign Gleanings.

Charles Hugo's dramatic version of Victor Hugo's great work, *Les Misérables*, has just been brought out at Brussels. The dramatic critic of *The Independence Belge* says that the piece produced a "deep and universal effect," and that the best passages of the original have been faithfully reproduced. There was a very large audience, many of the persons present being French literary men, who had come from France expressly to witness the representation.

A Hindoo Paper on the Bible.—*The Sajiona Bijana*, a native Bengal paper, advocating the introduction of the Bible into Government schools, describes it in remarkable language as coming from a heathen, as "the best and most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in the English language. As every joint of the sugar cane from the root to the top is full of sweetness, so every part of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instructions. A portion of that book would yield to you more of sound morality than a thousand other treatises on the same subject. In short, if anybody studies the English language with a view to gain wisdom, there is not another book which is more worthy of being read than the Bible."

The King and the Soldier.—Frederick of Prussia had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the royal guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to espy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he immediately consented. "But unless you can speak German, the king will not give you so much." "Oh, be jabers!" said the Irishman, "sure it's I that don't know a word of German." "But," said the sergeant, "three words will be sufficient, and these you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old are you; you will say, 'twenty-seven'; next, how long you have been in the service? you must reply, 'three weeks'; finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations? you answer, 'both.'" Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with "present arms." "How old are you?" said the king. "Three weeks," said the Irishman. "How long have you been in the service?" asked his majesty. "Twenty-seven years." "Am I or you a fool?" roared the king. "Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard-room, but pardoned by the king after he understood the facts of the case.

Abraham Lincoln.—A learned orator in Kent, Beresford Hope, in addressing an audience some time ago, called him, amid the laughter of a stupid assembly, "a wood-splitter." Yes, he began life at the foot of the tree, working his way upward, carving A. L. upon the rind, as boys are apt to do, until by a marvellous growth the carving has swelled into A. Lincoln, President of the American Republic. I caution you against accepting *The Times's* portraiture of Lincoln—at least until *The Times* puts in the "finishing touch." *The Times* will yet turn gracefully round without a single word of apology for all its falsehoods. I would write the article in which the turn will be performed, only I should not like to take the fee out of the pocket of the gentleman who will have to write it. I see the article before me in my mind's eye. I see the small capitals in the first line: "AMERICA HAS PASSED THROUGH A TERRIBLE CRISIS IN HER CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY—LIKE ENGLAND IN HER CIVIL WARS SHE HAS PASSED THIS CRISIS VICTORIOUSLY AND WITH HONOR. OUR READERS WILL REMEMBER, THAT DURING THE DARKEST PHASES OF THE LATE UNHAPPY STRUGGLE WE NEVER DESPAIRED OF THE REPUBLIC." To have despaired of America, would have been to despair of the Anglo-Saxon race. But while we do honor to the greatness of the American people, we must never forget that remarkable man, who, called to the presidency at so critical a period, has, by his good sense, rare modesty, firm will, incorruptible integrity, and lofty sagacity, carried the Union over all difficulties; entitling himself to receive the hearty homage of the friends of self-government throughout the world.—*London Lecture.*

A Bald-Faced Joke.—Many of our readers will doubtless recollect the amusing incident in Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," in which Mr. Titmouse, wishing to show himself off to the utmost advantage by increasing his personal charms, purchased a bottle of patent hair dye, and after applying it found out, to his intense horror, that instead of his hair becoming a rich sable he was the fortunate possessor of an elegant pea-green wig. An equally ludicrous affair took place in a town not a hundred miles from Cullompton, last week, the hero being, as in the above-mentioned tale, a knight of the yard. Being wishful to obtain a hirsute appendage to his face, that he might make greater impression on the hearts of the fair ones of Cullompton, he applied to a friend to procure him some "whisker seed." The friend obtained it. It was promptly applied, and a slight irritation on the cheeks and chin proclaimed the charm was working. By some terrible mistake (?) the application turned out to be hair dye, and his disgust and rage may be imagined when he found his face slowly but surely becoming black. Scrubbing was of no avail. Lavish applications of soap and water proved utterly useless. He was a marked man. At night he repaired to another friend, but he proved equally as false as the former one, and after submitting to another operation, discovered that he was ten times worse, if possible, than before. The foolish youth, retiring into ignoble obscurity, is now only visible after the shades of night have fallen, and remains a melancholy example of trusting to false friends, and a sad warning to all such simple youths as are desirous of obtaining that which nature has not condescended to grace their innocent faces.—*Pulman's News.*

Notre-Dame de Paris.—Since the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, after having been closed several months, was opened to the public on the occasion of the solemnity of Christmas Day, it has been crowded with visitors. The decorations most admired are the choir, with its superb grand altar, its statues of bronze and marble, its two archiepiscopal thrones, its marvellous carved wood-work, its now richly gilt gates, its magnificent stained glass windows, the chapels simple but grandiose, the doorway restored to its primitive condition, the capacious vestry completely rebuilt, and the new spire. The magnificent mausoleum erected to the memory of Archbishop Affre, who sacrificed his life on a barricade to put an end to the sanguinary insurrection of June, 1848, now finished after a labor of fifteen years, is visited by crowds and greatly admired. The last words uttered by the prelate, "May my blood be the last shed," are inscribed on a plate. The statue of the archbishop, as large as life, is placed on a pedestal. He is represented falling on a barricade, holding an olive branch in his right hand and a crucifix in his left. On the side facing the choir is written, "Denis Auguste, Archbishop of Paris, born the 28th of Sep- [illegible]." On the grand façade of the pedestal, which is of French marble, is a superb bas-relief representing the entire scene of the death of the archbishop on the barricade. Above it is written, "The good shepherd gives his life for his flock." Workmen are still engaged in the Harcourt Chapel in placing a grand Madonna of Carrara marble on a pedestal. The statue, which is larger than life, was lately brought from a Carmelite convent at Rome. It is believed to be the work of a Florentine sculptor—either Coysevox or one of the Coustons.—*Paris Letter.*

The Sultan's Toothache.—The French proverb, "Qui va à la chasse perd sa place," has had a somewhat amusing literal fulfilment during the week at Dolmabaktche. On Sunday the Sultan was afflicted by an attack of severe toothache, and a messenger was accordingly despatched to summon M. Roux, his majesty's dentist, for the treatment of the imperial molar. The fashionable tooth-doctor was not to be found; he had gone *à la chasse*; and though mounted messengers beat him up for nearly three hours round all the "covers" from Baluky far beyond Maslak, he was nowhere to be found. Chamberlains of high and low degree were at their wits' end, when the happy recollection struck somebody that there was another knight of the forceps—unknown indeed to fame, but still professing the art and mystery of tooth-drawing—in a garret opposite Galata-Serai. *Aferim!* off went a mounted messenger for the man of science, and without time given him to make his neglected ablutions, or borrow an unragged surtout, the bewildered operator was whisked away to the palace. Urgent, however, as was the need of his services, it was found necessary to subject him to a process of toilette before he could be ushered into the suffering presence. This was done as rapidly as half a dozen valets could perform it, and in a few minutes the offending grinder was extracted—fortunately without damage to the Imperial jaw. The operation over, his majesty questioned Mr. Z—— as to his personal belongings, and finding that bad luck and short commons had been his lot for years past, resolved at once to force fortune into better humor on his behalf. Without hypercritical curiosity as to diplomas or other professional vouchers, he at once named him special dentist to himself, with a salary of 1,600 p. a month, an immediate *cadeau* of 150 liras, and an excellent house at Ortakeni.—*Levant Herald, Nov. 19.*

Anecdote of Mr. Russell.—In the conversation which occurred before dinner, I was amused to observe the manner in which Mr. Lincoln used the anecdotes for which he is famous. Where men bred in courts, accustomed to the world, or versed in diplomacy, would use some subterfuge, or would make a polite speech, or give a shrug of the shoulder as the means of getting out of an embarrassing position, Mr. Lincoln raises a laugh by some bold West country anecdote, and moves off in the cloud of merriment produced by his joke. Thus, when Mr. Bates was remonstrating, apparently, against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance, the President interposed with, "Come, now, Bates, he's not half as bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in his waggon. 'Hollo, Lincoln! Are you not going to the court-house? Come in and I'll give you a seat.' Well, I got in, and the judge went on reading his papers. Presently, the waggon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out, and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat; so says I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a little drop too much this morning.' 'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half a dozen of times since starting.' So, putting his head out of the window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!' Upon which, pulling up his horses, and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said, 'By gorra! that's the first rightful decision you have given for the last twelvemonth.'" Whilst the company were laughing, the President beat a quiet retreat from the neighborhood of the Attorney-General.—*Mr. Russell's Diary.*

The Chamois Hunter.—The two most celebrated chamois hunters in Glarus—David Zwicki and Kasper Blumer—after killing many hundred chamois, fell victims to their almost demoniacal passion for the chase, in spite of their astounding coolness and skill in climbing. The first was missing for six-and-thirty weeks, and no one knew whether the powerful man was still alive. At length his skeleton, gnawed by vultures and foxes, was found on a slope of the steep Auern Alp. He must have suffered frightfully, for, judging from a broken foot, and the spot where his body was found, he had dragged himself a long distance after his fall, and had perished of hunger and cold, after firing signals of distress. Blumer fell over an enormous precipice on the Vorder Glarnisch, and his mangled corpse was not found till the following summer. My readers are probably familiar with the story of the Bernese hunter, who fell through a hidden crevasse on the much-frequented Grindelwald glacier, but reached the dry ground without any injury, and passed with indescribable difficulty through a hollow formed in the glacier by a running stream, till he reached the edge of the ice. But such fortunate escapes are rare, and it has frequently happened that a man who has fallen through a crevasse has been compelled to wait for hours, ay, for days and nights, till his companions succeeded in restoring him to daylight by means of ropes and sticks. More fortunate than the majority was the notorious chamois-slaughterer, Marcus Colani of Pontresina. This strange and dangerous man, who had seized on an enormous hunting-ground, into which no other hunter cared to venture, and in which he kept entire herds of half-tamed chamois, had killed, when he reached his sixty-sixth year, no less than 2,600 head of these animals—a number never attained by any other hunter before or after him. This prince of hunters died quietly in his bed, although his death was brought on by the fatigue of a hunting expedition.—*St. James's Magazine.*

Agonizing Tattle.—Is there any happy, any doubly-blessed individual living in the world who is unacquainted with the manners and customs of the dental fraternity? What other thing is so terrible as the light conversation which gentlemen of that profession have recourse to while preparing to operate? How awfully cheerful they are. How does Mr. Scrunchem receive you when you enter with a face like an inflated bagpipe? Good morning, Mr. Chopfall, I've not had the pleasure of seeing you for a very long time. I hope you are very well—a little troubled with a tooth, eh? I see your face is a good deal swelled, yes, yes. Come, sit down and let's have a look—let's have a look—open a little wider, if you please—hum—hum—yes, there's a sad offender here, Mr. Chopfall. Dear, dear, dear—yes, yes—I think we ought to get rid of this tiresome fellow for you, eh? You'd rather not—well, just as you like, but, if I were you, I would certainly be rid of him in no time. Does it hurt you when I press? Ah, no doubt, no doubt. Come, Mr. Chopfall, take my advice now—courage, sir, courage; it's only the affair of a moment. You will! Why that's right—that's right." (Mr. Scrunchem retires to a neat marble table, and pulls out several exceedingly shallow drawers—you watch his proceedings with forced interest—dialogue resumed.) "I see you were engaged the other day, Mr. Chopfall, in that very remarkable case"—rattling sound of a metallic nature—"of, of Culpepper versus Peppercull"—instrument selected from armory—"ah, remarkable case, very remarkable case indeed"—instrument exchanged, with additional rattling, for a more deadly one—"Yes, gentlemen in your profession must see a curious"—additional weapons selected, with rattling, in case of failure of those first chosen; Mr. Scrunchem returns from table, and looks you in the face as if he were a harmless acquaintance—"Now, allow me to ask you, Mr. Chopfall, were you entirely satisfied with the line taken by the Senior Counsel in that case?"—Mr. Scrunchem receiving an incoherent reply, goes round to back of chair—"I merely ask, you know—open—from a feeling—a little wider——" It is impossible to go on. The situation is too horrible.—*Dickens's "All the Year Round."*

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